

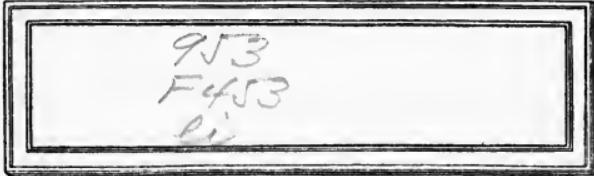
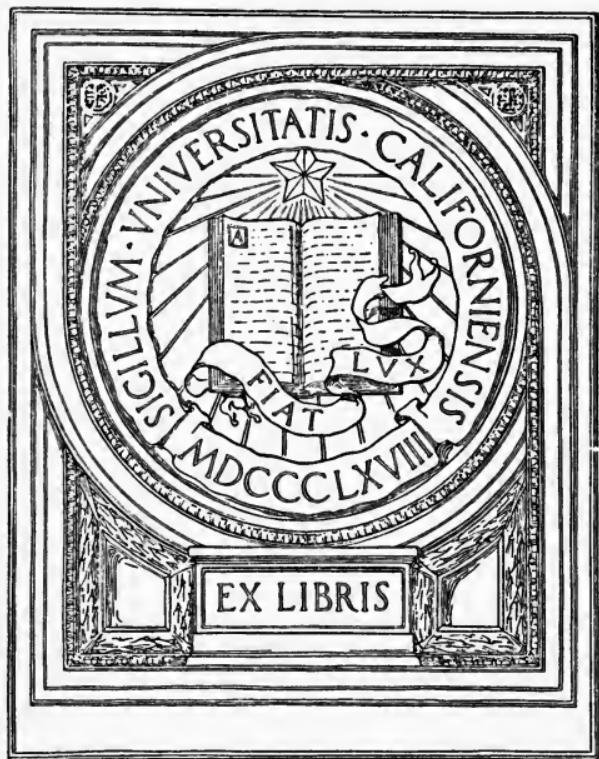
# A Little Book of Western Verse

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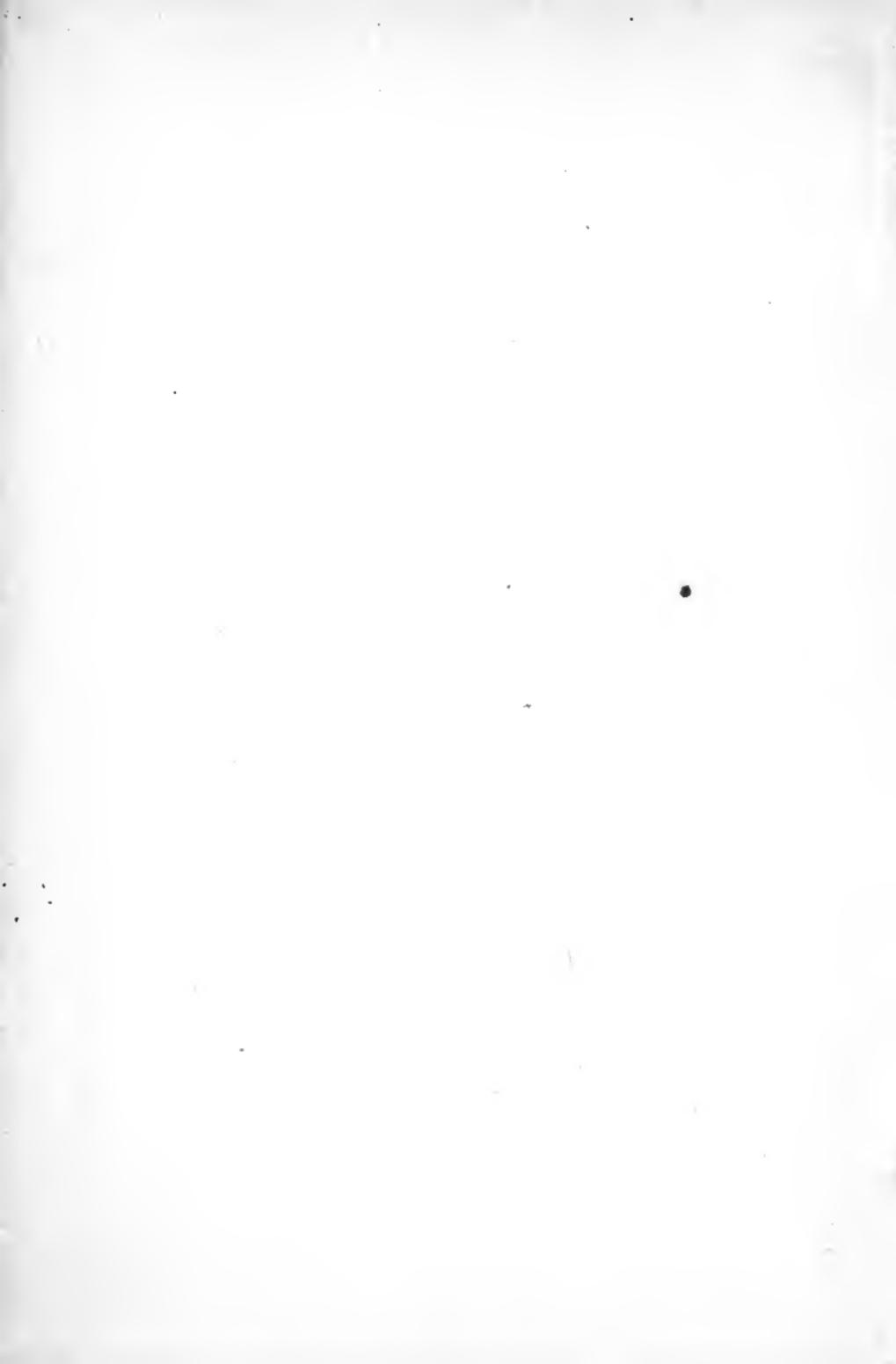


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CONT







A Little Book  
OF  
WESTERN VERSE

BY EUGENE FIELD.

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A Little Book

OF

WESTERN VERSE

BY

EUGENE FIELD

II



NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1894

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**BY EUGENE FIELD**

Replacing 13021

THE YOUNG  
ADVENTURE

University Press:  
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

TO

MARY FIELD FRENCH.

*A dying mother gave to you  
Her child a many years ago ;  
How in your gracious love he grew,  
You know, dear, patient heart, you know.*

*The mother's child you fostered then  
Salutes you now and bids you take  
These little children of his pen  
And love them for the author's sake.*

*To you I dedicate this book,  
And, as you read it line by line,  
Upon its faults as kindly look  
As you have always looked on mine.*

*Tardy the offering is and weak ; —  
Yet were I happy if I knew  
These children had the power to speak  
My love and gratitude to you.*

E. F.

M20501



*Go, little book ; and if an one would speak thee ill, let him  
bethink him that thou art the child of  
one who loves thee well.*



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## A Little Book of Western Verse.



### CASEY'S TABLE D'HÔTE.

O H, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when  
the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,  
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks  
wuz brave 'nd true!  
When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy, 'nd the camp  
wuz all astir,  
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff  
to demur !  
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the  
Rockies fur away, —  
There 's no sich place nor times like them as I kin  
find to-day!  
What though the camp *hez* busted ? I seem to see  
it still  
A-lyin', like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;

And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my  
throat

When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's  
tabble dote !

Wal, yes ; it's true I struck it rich, but that don't  
cut a show

When one is old 'nd feeble 'nd it's nigh his time  
to go ;

The money that he's got in bonds or carries to  
invest

Don't figger with a codger who has lived a life  
out West ;

Us old chaps like to set around, away from folks  
'nd noise,

'Nd think about the sights we seen and things we  
done when boys ;

The which is why *I* love to set 'nd think of them  
old days

When all us Western fellers got the Colorado  
craze, —

And *that* is why I love to set around all day 'nd  
gloat

On thoughts of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's  
tabble dote.

This Casey wuz an Irishman, — you 'd know it by  
his name

And by the facial features appertainin' to the  
same.

He 'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand  
things,

From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin'  
kings,

But, somehow, had n't caught on ; so, driftin' with  
the rest,

He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,  
And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the  
little camp wuz new,

When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks  
wuz brave 'nd true ;

And, havin' been a stewart on a Mississippi boat,  
He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a tabble dote.

The bar wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirrer on the  
shelf,

'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could  
help himself ;

Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer  
'nd wine,

'Nd a kag of Burbun whiskey of the run of '59 ;

Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of  
girls,—

Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records  
'nd on curls !

The which had been identified with Casey in the  
past,—

The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean,—and both wuz  
mighty fast !

But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little  
note

By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's tabble  
dote.

There wuz half-a-dozen tables altogether in the  
place,

And the tax you had to pay upon your vittles wuz a  
case ;

The boardin'-houses in the camp protested 't wuz a  
shame

To patronize a robber, which this Casey wuz the  
same !

They said a case was robbery to tax for ary  
meal;

But Casey tended strictly to his biz, 'nd let 'em  
squeal ;

And presently the boardin'-houses all began to bust,  
While Casey kept on sawin' wood 'nd layin' in the  
dust;

And oncet a trav'lin' editor from Denver City wrote  
A piece back to his paper, puffin' Casey's tabble  
dote.

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart:  
In *one* case you git all there is, in *t'other*, only *part!*  
And Casey's tabble dote began in French,—as all  
begin,—

And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say,  
with "vin;"

But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd  
beast,

The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws  
down east;

'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy  
tass,

Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of  
sass

That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's  
throat,

'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble  
dote.

---

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them  
pies  
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to  
my eyes;  
'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays aint what it used  
to be  
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of  
'63;  
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd, maybe, I 'm to  
blame—  
I 'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the  
same—  
I 'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair  
'nd blue,  
When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave  
'nd true;  
When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss  
Mountain smote  
For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's tabble  
dote.

And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin' way out  
west,  
With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you close to its  
lovin' breast,—

Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of how we use  
to do,

Of how we worked our little claims together, me 'nd  
you?

Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz restin' on  
your face,

Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in that lonely  
place;

And so you wuz, 'nd I 'd be, too, if I wuz sleepin'  
so.

But, bein' how a brother's love aint for the world  
to know,

Whenever I 've this heartache 'nd this chokin' in  
my throat,

I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's tabble dote.

10

### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,  
    But sturdy and stanch he stands ;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
    And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the ~~little~~ toy dog was new  
    And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
    Kissed them and put them there.

“ Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,  
    “ And don’t you make any noise ! ”  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
    He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming, an angel song  
    Awakened our Little Boy Blue, —  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
    But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years  
through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

*Skye*

*MADGE: YE HOYDEN.*

## I.

A T Madge, ye hoyden, gossips scofft,  
Ffor that a romping wench was shee—  
“Now marke this rede,” they bade her oft,  
“Forsooken sholde your folly bee ! ”  
But Madge, ye hoyden, laugh & cried,  
“Oho, oho,” in girlish glee,  
And noe thing mo replied.

## II.

No griffe she had nor knew no care,  
But gayly rompit all daies long,  
And, like ye brooke that everywhere  
Goes jinking with a gladsome song,  
Shee danct and songe from morn till night,—  
Her gentil harte did know no wrong,  
Nor did she none despight.

## III.

Sir Tomas from his noblesse halle  
Did trend his path a somer's daye,  
And to ye hoyden he did call  
And these ffull evill words did say:  
“ O wolde you weare a silken gown  
And binde your haire with ribands gay?  
Then come with me to town ! ”

## IV.

But Madge, ye hoyden, shoke her head,—  
“ I 'le be no leman unto thee  
For all your golde and gownes,” shee said,  
“ ffor Robin hath bespoken mee.”  
Then ben Sir Tomas sore despight,  
And back unto his hall went hee  
With face as ashen white.

## V.

“ O Robin, wilt thou wed this girl,  
Whenas she is so vaine a sprite ? ”  
So spak ffull many an envious churle  
Unto that curteyse countrie wight.  
But Robin did not pay no heede ;  
And they ben wed a somer night  
& danct upon ye meade.

## VI.

Then scarce ben past a yeare & daye  
Whan Robin toke unto his bed,  
And long, long time therein he lay,  
Nor colde not work to earn his bread ;  
in soche an houre, whan times ben sore,  
Sr. Tomas came with haughtie tread  
& knockit at ye doore.

## VII.

Saies : “ Madge, ye hoyden, do you know  
how that you once despighted me ?  
But Ile forgiff an you will go  
my swete harte lady ffor to bee ! ”  
But Madge, ye hoyden, heard noe more, —  
straightway upon her heele turnt shee,  
& shote ye cottage doore.

## VIII.

Soe Madge, ye hoyden, did her parte  
whiles that ye years did come and go ;  
't was somer allwais in her harte,  
tho' winter strewed her head with snowe.  
She toilt and span thro' all those years  
nor bid repine that it ben soe,  
nor never shad noe teares.

## IX.

Whiles Robin lay within his bed,  
A divell came and whispered lowe,—  
“ Giff you will doe my will,” he said,  
“ None more of sickness you shall knowe ! ”  
Ye which gave joy to Robin’s soul —  
Saies Robin : “ Divell, be it soe,  
an that you make me whoale ! ”

## X.

That day, upp rising ffrom his bed,  
Quoth Robin : “ I am well again ! ”  
& backe he came as from ye dead,  
& he ben mickle blithe as when  
he wooed his doxy long ago ;  
& Madge did make ado & then  
Her teares ffor joy did flowe.

## XI.

Then came that hell-born cloven thing —  
Saies : “ Robin, I do claim your life,  
and I hencefoorth shall be your king,  
and you shall do my evill strife.  
Look round about and you shall see  
sr. Tomas’ young and ffoolish wiffe —  
a comely dame is shee ! ”

## XII.

Ye divell had him in his power,  
and not colde Robin say thereto :  
Soe Robin from that very houre  
did what that divell bade him do ;  
He wooed and clipt, and on a daye  
sr. Tomas' wife and Robin flewe  
a many leagues away.

## XIII.

Sir Tomas ben wood wroth and swore,  
And sometime strode thro' leaf & brake  
and knockit at ye cottage door  
and thus to Madge, ye hoyden, spake :  
Saies, " I wolde have you ffor mine own,  
So come with mee & bee my make,  
syn tother birds ben flown."

## XIV.

But Madge, ye hoyden, bade him noe ;  
Saies : " Robin is my swete harte still,  
And, tho' he doth despight me soe,  
I mean to do him good for ill.  
So goe, Sir Tomas, goe your way ;  
ffor whiles I bee on live I will  
ffor Robin's coming pray ! "

## XV.

Soe Madge, ye hoyden, kneelt & prayed  
that Godde sholde send her Robin backe.  
And tho' ye folke vast scoffing made,  
and tho' ye worlde ben colde and blacke,  
And tho', as moneths dragged away,  
ye hoyden's harte ben like to crack  
With griff, she still did praye.

## XVI.

Sicke of that divell's damnèd charmes,  
Aback did Robin come at last,  
And Madge, ye hoyden, sprad her arms  
and gave a cry and held him fast;  
And as she clong to him and cried,  
her patient harte with joy did brast,  
& Madge, ye hoyden, died.

## OLD ENGLISH LULLABY.

HUSH, bonnie, dinna greit;  
Moder will rocke her sweete,—  
Balow, my boy!  
When that his toile ben done,  
Daddie will come anone,—  
Hush thee, my lyttel one;  
Balow, my boy!

Gin thou dost sleepe, perchaunce  
Fayries will come to daunce,—  
Balow, my boy!  
Oft hath thy moder seene  
Moonlight and mirkland queene  
Daunce on thy slumbering een,—  
Balow, my boy!

Then droned a bomblebee  
Saftly this songe to thee:  
“ Balow, my boy ! ”

And a wee heather bell,  
Pluckt from a fayry dell,  
Chimed thee this rune hersell :  
“ Balow, my boy ! ”

Soe, bonnie, dinna greit ;  
Moder doth rock her sweete, —  
    Balow, my boy !  
Give mee thy lyttel hand,  
Moder will hold it and  
Lead thee to balow land, —  
    Balow, my boy !

## THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S PRAYER.

KEEP me, I pray, in wisdom's way  
That I may truths eternal seek ;  
I need protecting care to-day, —  
    My purse is light, my flesh is weak.  
So banish from my erring heart  
    All baleful appetites and hints  
Of Satan's fascinating art,  
    Of first editions, and of prints.  
Direct me in some godly walk  
    Which leads away from bookish strife,  
That I with pious deed and talk  
    May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee  
    To keep me in temptation's way,  
I humbly ask that I may be  
    Most notably beset to-day ;  
Let my temptation be a book,  
    Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,

Whereon when other men shall look,  
They 'll wail to know I got it cheap.  
Oh, let it such a volume be  
As in rare copperplates abounds,  
Large paper, clean, and fair to see,  
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

## THE LYTTEL BOY.

SOMETIME there ben a lyttel boy  
That wolde not renne and play,  
And helpless like that little tyke  
Ben allwais in the way.  
“ Goe, make you merrie with the rest,”  
His weary moder cried ;  
But with a frown he catcht her gown  
And hong untill her side.

That boy did love his moder well,  
Which spake him faire, I ween ;  
He loved to stand and hold her hand  
And ken her with his een ;  
His cosset bleated in the croft,  
His toys unheeded lay, —  
He wolde not goe, but, tarrying soe,  
Ben allwais in the way.

Godde loveth children and doth gird  
His throne with soche as these,  
And He doth smile in plaisance while  
They cluster at His knees ;  
And sometime, when He looked on earth  
And watched the bairns at play,  
He kenned with joy a lyttel boy  
Ben allwais in the way.

And then a moder felt her heart  
How that it ben to-torne, —  
She kissed eche day till she ben gray  
The shoon he use to worn ;  
No bairn let hold untill her gown  
Nor played upon the floore, —  
Godde's was the joy ; a lyttel boy  
Ben in the way no more !

## THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE.

IT is very aggravating  
To hear the solemn prating  
Of the fossils who are stating  
    That old Horace was a prude;  
When we know that with the ladies  
He was always raising Hades,  
And with many an escapade his  
    Best productions are imbued.

There 's really not much harm in a  
Large number of his carmina,  
But these people find alarm in a  
    Few records of his acts;  
So they 'd squelch the muse caloric,  
And to students sophomoric  
They 'd present as metaphoric  
    What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy ;  
Now we adjudge 'em crazy !  
Why, Horace was a daisy  
    That was very much alive !  
And the wisest of us know him  
As his Lydia verses show him, —  
Go, read that virile poem, —  
    It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,  
And starting out to prowl, sir,  
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,  
    Until he filled his date ;  
With a massic-laden ditty  
And a classic maiden pretty  
He painted up the city,  
    And Mæcenas paid the freight !

## THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD.

"**G**IVE me my bow," said Robin Hood,  
    " An arrow give to me ;  
And where 't is shot mark thou that spot,  
    For there my grave shall be."

Then Little John did make no sign,  
    And not a word he spake ;  
But he smiled, altho' with mickle woe  
    His heart was like to break.

He raised his master in his arms,  
    And set him on his knee ;  
And Robin's eyes beheld the skies,  
    The shaws, the greenwood tree.

The brook was babbling as of old,  
    The birds sang full and clear,  
And the wild-flowers gay like a carpet lay  
    In the path of the timid deer.

“ O Little John,” said Robin Hood,  
“ Meseemeth now to be  
Standing with you so stanch and true  
Under the greenwood tree.

“ And all around I hear the sound  
Of Sherwood long ago,  
And my merry men come back again,—  
You know, sweet friend, you know !

“ Now mark this arrow ; where it falls,  
When I am dead dig deep,  
And bury me there in the greenwood where  
I would forever sleep.”

He twanged his bow. Upon its course  
The clothyard arrow sped,  
And when it fell in yonder dell,  
Brave Robin Hood was dead.

The sheriff sleeps in a marble vault,  
The king in a shroud of gold ;  
And upon the air with a chanted pray'r  
Mingles the mock of mould.

---

But the deer draw to the shady pool,  
The birds sing blithe and free,  
And the wild-flow'r's bloom o'er a hidden tomb  
Under the greenwood tree.

**"LOLLYBY, LOLLY, LOLLYBY."**

LAST night, whiles that the curfew bell ben  
ringing,

I heard a moder to her dearie singing  
“Lollyby, lolly, lollyby.”

And presently that chylde did cease hys weeping,  
And on his moder’s breast did fall a-sleeping,  
To “lolly, lolly, lollyby.”

Faire ben the chylde unto his moder clinging,  
But fairer yet the moder’s gentle singing,—  
“Lollyby, lolly, lollyby.”

And angels came and kisst the dearie smiling  
In dreems while him hys moder ben beguiling  
With “lolly, lolly, lollyby ! ”

Then to my harte saies I, “Oh, that thy beating  
Colde be assuaged by some swete voice repeating  
‘Lollyby, lolly, lollyby ; ’

---

That like this lyttel chylde I, too, ben sleeping  
With plisaunt phantasies about me creeping,  
To 'lolly, lolly, lollyby ! ' "

Sometime — mayhap when curfew bells are ring-  
ing —

A weary harte shall heare straunge voices singing,  
"Lollyby, lolly, lollyby ; "

Sometime, mayhap, with Chrysts love round me  
streaming,

I shall be lulled into eternal dreeming  
With "lolly, lolly, lollyby."

## HORACE AND LYDIA RECONCILED.

HORACE.

WHEN you were mine in auld lang syne,  
And when none else your charms might ogle,  
I 'll not deny,  
Fair nymph, that I  
Was happier than a Persian mogul.

LYDIA.

Before *she* came — that rival flame ! —  
(Was ever female creature sillier ?)  
In those good times,  
Braised in rhymes,  
I was more famed than Mother Ilia !

HORACE.

Chloe of Thrace ! With what a grace  
Does she at song or harp employ her !  
I 'd gladly die  
If only I  
Might live forever to enjoy her !

---

LYDIA.

My Sybaris so noble is  
That, by the gods ! I love him madly —  
    That I might save  
    Him from the grave  
I 'd give my life, and give it gladly !

## HORACE.

What if ma belle from favor fell,  
And I made up my mind to shake her,  
    Would Lydia, then,  
    Come back again  
And to her quondam flame betake her ?

## LYDIA.

My other beau should surely go,  
And you alone should find me gracious ;  
    For no one slings  
    Such odes and things  
As does the lauriger Horatius !

## OUR TWO OPINIONS.

US two wuz boys when we fell out,—  
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;  
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,  
Some small deeff'rence, I 'll allow.  
Lived next neighbors twenty years,  
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—  
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,  
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd would n't speak,  
Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;  
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,  
A-hatin' each other through 'nd through!  
But when Abe Linkern asked the West  
F'r soldiers, we answered, — me 'nd Jim,—  
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,  
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

But down in Tennessee one night  
Ther wuz sound uv firin' fur away,  
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther 'd be a fight  
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;  
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home  
Jim stood afore me, long nd 'slim,—  
*He havin' his opinyin uv me,*  
'Nd *I havin' my opinyin uv him.*

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be  
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;  
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,  
But never a word from me or Jim!  
He went *his way* 'nd *I went mine*,  
'Nd into the battle's roar went we,—  
*I havin' my opinyin uv Jim,*  
'Nd *he havin' his opinyin uv me.*

Jim never come back from the war again,  
But I haint forgot that last, last night  
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men  
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.  
'Nd, after it all, it 's soothin' to know  
That here *I* be 'nd yonder 's Jim,—  
*He havin' his opinyin uv me,*  
'Nd *I havin' my opinyin uv him.*

MOTHER AND CHILD.

ONE night a tiny dewdrop fell  
Into the bosom of a rose, —  
“ Dear little one, I love thee well,  
Be ever here thy sweet repose ! ”

Seeing the rose with love bedight,  
The envious sky frowned dark, and then  
Sent forth a messenger of light  
And caught the dewdrop up again.

“ Oh, give me back my heavenly child, —  
My love ! ” the rose in anguish cried ;  
Alas ! the sky triumphant smiled,  
And so the flower, heart-broken, died.

*ORKNEY LULLABY.*

A MOONBEAM floateth from the skies,  
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie !  
I would spin a web before your eyes,—  
A beautiful web of silver light,  
Wherein is many a wondrous sight  
Of a radiant garden leagues away,  
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway,  
And the snow-white lambkins are at play,—  
Heigho, my dearie ! "

A brownie stealeth from the vine  
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie !  
And will you hear this song of mine,—  
A song of the land of murk and mist  
Where bideth the bud the dew hath kisst ?  
Then let the moonbeam's web of light  
Be spun before thee silvery white,  
And I shall sing the livelong night,—  
Heigho, my dearie ! "

The night wind speedeth from the sea,  
Murmuring, “ Heigho, my dearie !  
I bring a mariner’s prayer for thee ;  
So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,  
And the brownie sing thee lullabies ;  
But I shall rock thee to and fro,  
Kissing the brow *he* loveth so,  
And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow, —  
Heigho, my dearie ! ”

## LITTLE MACK.

THIS talk about the journalists that run the East  
is bosh,

We 've got a Western editor that 's little, but, O  
gosh !

He lives here in Mizzoora where the people are so  
set

In ante-bellum notions that they vote for Jackson  
yet;

But the paper he is running makes the rusty fossils  
swear,—

The smartest, likeliest paper that is printed any-  
where !

And, best of all, the paragraphs are pointed as a  
tack,

And that 's because they emanate  
From little Mack.

In architecture he is what you 'd call a chunky man,  
As if he 'd been constructed on the summer-cottage  
plan ;

He has a nose like Bonaparte; and round his mobile mouth  
Lies all the sensuous languor of the children of the South;  
His dealings with reporters who affect a weekly bust  
Have given to his violet eyes a shadow of distrust;  
In glorious abandon his brown hair wanders back  
From the grand Websterian forehead  
Of little Mack.

No matter what the item is, if there 's an item in it,  
You bet your life he 's on to it and nips it in a minute!  
From multifarious nations, countries, monarchies,  
and lands,  
From Afric's sunny fountains and India's coral strands,  
From Greenland's icy mountains and Siloam's shady rills,  
He gathers in his telegrams, and Houser pays the bills;  
What though there be a dearth of news, he has a happy knack  
Of scraping up a lot of scoops.  
Does little Mack.

And learning? Well he knows the folks of every  
tribe and age  
That ever played a part upon this fleeting human  
stage;  
His intellectual system 's so extensive and so greedy  
That, when it comes to records, he 's a walkin' cy-  
clopedia;  
For having studied (and digested) all the books  
a-goin',  
It stands to reason he must know about all 's worth  
a-knowin'!  
So when a politician with a record 's on the track,  
We 're apt to hear some history  
From little Mack.

And when a fellow-journalist is broke and needs a  
twenty,  
Who 's allus ready to whack up a portion of his  
plenty?  
Who 's allus got a wallet that 's as full of sordid  
gain  
As his heart is full of kindness and his head is full  
of brain?  
Whose bowels of compassion will in-va-ri-a-bly  
move

Their owner to those courtesies which plainly,  
surely prove

That he 's the kind of person that never does go  
back

On a fellow that 's in trouble ?

Why, little Mack !

I 've heard 'em tell of Dana, and of Bonner, and of  
Reid,

Of Johnnie Cockerill, who, I 'll own, is very smart  
indeed ;

Yet I don 't care what their renown or influence  
may be,

One metropolitan exchange is quite enough for me !

So keep your Danas, Bonners, Reids, your Cock-  
erills, and the rest,

The woods is full of better men all through this  
woolly West ;

For all that sleek, pretentious, Eastern editorial  
pack

We would n't swap the shadow of  
Our little Mack !

*TO ROBIN GOODFELLOW.*

I SEE you, Maister Bawsy-brown,  
Through yonder lattice creepin';  
You come for cream and to gar me dream,  
But you dinna find me sleepin'.  
The moonbeam, that upon the floor  
Wi' crickets ben a-jinkin',  
Now steals away fra' her bonnie play —  
Wi' a rosier blie, I 'm thinkin'.

I saw you, Maister Bawsy-brown,  
When the blue bells went a-ringin'  
For the merrie fays o' the banks an' braes,  
And I kenned your bonnie singin';  
The gowans gave you honey sweets,  
And the posies on the heather  
Dript draughts o' dew for the faery crew  
That danct and sang together.

But posie-bloom an' simmer-dew  
And ither sweets o' faery  
Cud na gae down wi' Bawsy-brown,  
Sae nigh to Maggie's dairy !  
My pantry shelves, sae clean and white,  
Are set wi' cream and cheeses, —  
Gae, gin you will, an' take your fill  
Of whatsoever pleases.

Then wave your wand aboon my een  
Until they close awearie,  
And the night be past sae sweet and fast  
Wi' dreamings o' my dearie.  
But pinch the wench in yonder room,  
For she 's na guude nor bonnie, —  
Her shelves be dust and her pans be rust,  
And she winkit at my Johnnie !

## APPLE-PIE AND CHEESE.

FULL many a sinful notion  
Conceived of foreign powers  
Has come across the ocean  
To harm this land of ours ;  
And heresies called fashions  
Have modesty effaced,  
And baleful, morbid passions  
Corrupt our native taste.  
O tempora ! O mores !  
What profanations these  
That seek to dim the glories  
Of apple-pie and cheese !

I 'm glad my education  
Enables me to stand  
Against the vile temptation  
Held out on every hand :  
Eschewing all the tittles  
With vanity replete,

I 'm loyal to the victuals  
Our grandsires used to eat!  
I 'm glad I 've got three willing boys  
To hang around and tease  
Their mother for the filling joys  
Of apple-pie and cheese!

Your flavored creams and ices  
And your dainty angel-food  
Are mighty fine devices  
To regale the dainty dude;  
Your terrapin and oysters,  
With wine to wash 'em down,  
Are just the thing for roisters  
When painting of the town;  
No flippant, sugared notion  
Shall *my* appetite appease,  
Or bate my soul's devotion  
To apple-pie and cheese!

The pie my Julia makes me  
(God bless her Yankee ways!)  
On memory's pinions takes me  
To dear Green Mountain days;

And seems like I saw Mother  
Lean on the window-sill,  
A-handin' me and brother  
What she knows 'll keep us still;  
And these feelings are so grateful,  
Says I, "Julia, if you please,  
I 'll take another plateful  
Of that apple-pie and cheese!"

And cheese! No alien it, sir,  
That 's brought across the sea,—  
No Dutch antique, nor Switzer,  
Nor glutinous de Brie;  
There 's nothing I abhor so  
As mawmets of this ilk—  
Give *me* the harmless morceau  
That 's made of true-blue milk!  
No matter what conditions  
Dyspeptic come to feaze,  
The best of all physicians  
Is apple-pie and cheese!

Though ribalds may decry 'em,  
For these twin boons we stand,  
Partaking thrice per diem  
Of their fulness out of hand;

No enervating fashion  
Shall cheat us of our right  
To gratify our passion  
With a mouthful at a bite!  
We 'll cut it square or bias,  
Or any way we please,  
And faith shall justify us  
When we carve our pie and cheese!

De gustibus, 't is stated,  
Non disputandum est.  
Which meaneth, when translated,  
That all is for the best.  
So let the foolish choose 'em  
The vapid sweets of sin,  
I will not disabuse 'em  
Of the heresy they 're in;  
But I, when I undress me  
Each night, upon my knees  
Will ask the Lord to bless me  
With apple-pie and cheese!

## KRINKEN.

**K**RINKEN was a little child,—  
It was summer when he smiled.  
Oft the hoary sea and grim  
Stretched its white arms out to him,  
Calling, “Sun-child, come to me;  
Let me warm my heart with thee!”  
But the child heard not the sea,  
Calling, yearning evermore  
For the summer on the shore.

Krinken on the beach one day  
Saw a maiden Nis at play;  
On the pebbly beach she played  
In the summer Krinken made.  
Fair, and very fair, was she,  
Just a little child was he.

"Krinken," said the maiden Nis,  
"Let me have a little kiss,—  
Just a kiss, and go with me  
To the summer-lands that be  
Down within the silver sea."

Krinken was a little child—  
By the maiden Nis beguiled,  
Hand in hand with her went he,  
And 't was summer in the sea.  
And the hoary sea and grim  
To its bosom folded him—  
Clasped and kissed the little form,  
And the ocean's heart was warm.

Now the sea calls out no more;  
It is winter on the shore,—  
Winter where that little child  
Made sweet summer when he smiled;  
Though 't is summer on the sea  
Where with maiden Nis went he,—  
Summer, summer evermore,—  
It is winter on the shore,  
Winter, winter evermore.

---

Of the summer on the deep  
Come sweet visions in my sleep :  
*His* fair face lifts from the sea,  
*His* dear voice calls out to me,—  
These my dreams of summer be.

Krinken was a little child,  
By the maiden Nis beguiled ;  
Oft the hoary sea and grim  
Reached its longing arms to him,  
Crying, “ Sun-child, come to me ;  
Let me warm my heart with thee ! ”  
But the sea calls out no more ;  
It is winter on the shore,—  
Winter, cold and dark and wild ;  
Krinken was a little child,—  
It was summer when he smiled ;  
Down he went into the sea,  
And the winter bides with me.  
Just a little child was he.

## BÉRANGER'S "BROKEN FIDDLE."

## I.

THERE, there, poor dog, my faithful friend,  
Pay you no heed unto my sorrow :  
But feast to-day while yet you may, —  
Who knows but we shall starve to-morrow !

## II.

"Give us a tune," the foemen cried,  
In one of their profane caprices ;  
I bade them "No" — they frowned, and, lo !  
They dashed this innocent in pieces !

## III.

This fiddle was the village pride —  
The mirth of every fête enhancing ;  
Its wizard art set every heart  
As well as every foot to dancing.

## IV.

How well the bridegroom knew its voice,  
As from its strings its song went gushing !  
Nor long delayed the promised maid  
Equipped for bridal, coy and blushing.

## V.

Why, it discoursed so merrily,  
It quickly banished all dejection ;  
And yet, when pressed, our priest confessed  
I played with pious circumspection.

## VI.

And though, in patriotic song,  
It was our guide, compatriot, teacher,  
I never thought the foe had wrought  
His fury on the helpless creature !

## VII.

But there, poor dog, my faithful friend,  
Pay you no heed unto my sorrow ;  
I prithee take this paltry cake,—  
Who knows but we shall starve to-morrow !

## VIII.

Ah, who shall lead the Sunday choir  
As this old fiddle used to do it?  
Can vintage come, with this voice dumb  
That used to bid a welcome to it?

## IX.

It soothed the weary hours of toil,  
It brought forgetfulness to debtors;  
Time and again from wretched men  
It struck oppression's galling fetters.

## X.

No man could hear its voice, and hate;  
It stayed the teardrop at its portal;  
With that dear thing I was a king  
As never yet was monarch mortal!

## XI.

Now has the foe — the vandal foe —  
Struck from my hands their pride and glory;  
There let it lie! In vengeance, I  
Shall wield another weapon, gory!

## XII.

And if, O countrymen, I fall,  
Beside our grave let this be spoken :  
“ No foe of France shall ever dance  
Above the heart and fiddle, broken ! ”

## XIII.

So come, poor dog, my faithful friend,  
I prithee do not heed my sorrow,  
But feast to-day while yet you may,  
For we are like to starve to-morrow.

## THE LITTLE PEACH.

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,—  
A little peach of emerald hue;  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,  
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,  
That little peach dawned on the view  
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—  
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—  
Down from the stem on which it grew  
Fell that peach of emerald hue.  
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,  
And then the trouble began to brew,—  
Trouble the doctor could n't subdue.  
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
They planted John and his sister Sue,  
And their little souls to the angels flew,—  
    Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew?  
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.  
    Adieu!

1880.

*HORACE III. 13.*

O FOUNTAIN of Bandusia,  
Whence crystal waters flow,  
With garlands gay and wine I 'll pay  
The sacrifice I owe;  
A sportive kid with budding horns  
I have, whose crimson blood  
Anon shall dye and sanctify  
Thy cool and babbling flood.

O fountain of Bandusia,  
The dogstar's hateful spell  
No evil brings unto the springs  
That from thy bosom well;  
Here oxen, wearied by the plough,  
The roving cattle here,  
Hasten in quest of certain rest  
And quaff thy gracious cheer.

O fountain of Bandusia,  
Ennobled shalt thou be,  
For I shall sing the joys that spring  
Beneath yon ilex-tree ;  
Yes, fountain of Bandusia,  
Posterity shall know  
The cooling brooks that from thy nooks  
Singing and dancing go !

## THE DIVINE LULLABY.

I HEAR Thy voice, dear Lord ;  
I hear it by the stormy sea  
When winter nights are black and wild,  
And when, affright, I call to Thee ;  
It calms my fears and whispers me,  
“ Sleep well, my child.”

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,  
In singing winds, in falling snow,  
The curfew chimes, the midnight bell.  
“ Sleep well, my child,” it murmurs low ;  
“ The guardian angels come and go, —  
O child, sleep well ! ”

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord ,  
Ay, though the singing winds be stilled,  
Though hushed the tumult of the deep,  
My fainting heart with anguish chilled  
By Thy assuring tone is thrilled, —  
“ Fear not, and sleep ! ”

---

Speak on — speak on, dear Lord !  
And when the last dread night is near,  
With doubts and fears and terrors wild,  
Oh, let my soul expiring hear  
Only these words of heavenly cheer,  
“ Sleep well, my child ! ”

## IN THE FIRELIGHT.

THE fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere,  
While like winged spirits, here and there,  
The firelight shadows fluttering go.  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
And softly from a further room  
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thoughts go back to distant years  
And linger with a loved one there ;  
And as I hear my child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me,—  
Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
And Mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place !  
    Oh, for the peace of that dear time !  
    Oh, for that childish trust sublime !  
Oh, for a glimpse of Mother's face !  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
    I do not seem to be alone, —  
    Sweet magic of that treble tone,  
And " Now I lay me down to sleep."

1885.

### HEINE'S "WIDOW OR DAUGHTER?"

S HALL I woo the one or other?  
Both attract me—more's the pity!  
Pretty is the widowed mother,  
And the daughter, too, is pretty.

When I see that maiden shrinking,  
By the gods I swear I'll get 'er!  
But anon I fall to thinking  
That the mother'll suit me better!

So, like any idiot ass  
Hungry for the fragrant fodder,  
Placed between two bales of grass,  
Lo, I doubt, delay, and dodder!

## CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I COUNT my treasures o'er with care,—  
The little toy my darling knew,  
A little sock of faded hue,  
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time,  
My little one — my all to me —  
Sat robed in white upon my knee  
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

“Tell me, my little golden-head,  
If Santa Claus should come to-night,  
What shall he bring my baby bright,—  
What treasure for my boy?” I said.

And then he named this little toy,  
While in his round and mournful eyes  
There came a look of sweet surprise,  
That spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer  
He asked the boon with childish grace ;  
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,  
He hung this little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,  
I saw the white-winged angels come  
With singing to our lowly home  
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,  
For in the morn, with rapturous face,  
He toddled to the chimney-place,  
And found this little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide,—  
That angel host, so fair and white !  
And singing all that glorious night,  
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,  
A little lock of golden hair,  
The Christmas music on the air,  
A watching for my baby boy !

---

But if again that angel train  
And golden-head come back for me,  
To bear me to Eternity,  
My watching will not be in vain !

1879.

**DE AMICITIIS.**

THOUGH care and strife  
Elsewhere be rife,  
Upon my word I do not heed 'em;  
In bed I lie  
With books hard by,  
And with increasing zest I read 'em.

Propped up in bed,  
So much I 've read  
Of musty tomes that I 've a headful  
Of tales and rhymes  
Of ancient times,  
Which, wife declares, are "simply dreadful!"

They give me joy  
Without alloy;  
And is n't that what books are made for?  
And yet — and yet —  
(Ah, vain regret!)  
I would to God they all were paid for!

No festooned cup  
Filled foaming up  
Can lure me elsewhere to confound me;  
Sweeter than wine  
This love of mine  
For these old books I see around me!

A plague, I say,  
On maidens gay;  
I 'll weave no compliments to tell 'em!  
Vain fool I were,  
Did I prefer  
Those dolls to these old friends in vellum!

At dead of night  
My chamber 's bright  
Not only with the gas that 's burning,  
But with the glow  
Of long ago,—  
Of beauty back from eld returning.

Fair women's looks  
I see in books,  
I see *them*, and I hear their laughter,—  
Proud, high-born maids,  
Unlike the jades  
Which menfolk now go chasing after!

Herein again  
Speak valiant men  
Of all nativities and ages ;  
I hear and smile  
With rapture while  
I turn these musty, magic pages.

The sword, the lance,  
The morris dance,  
The highland song, the greenwood ditty.  
Of these I read,  
Or, when the need,  
My Miller grinds me grist that 's gritty !

When of such stuff  
We 've had enough,  
Why, there be other friends to greet us ;  
We 'll moralize  
In solemn wise  
With Plato or with Epictetus.

Sneer as you may,  
*I'm* proud to say  
That I, for one, am very grateful  
To Heaven, that sends  
These genial friends  
To banish other friendships hateful !

And when I 'm done,  
I 'd have no son

Pounce on these treasures like a vulture ;  
Nay, give them half  
My epitaph,

And let them share in my sepulture.

Then, when the crack  
Of doom rolls back

The marble and the earth that hide me,  
I 'll smuggle home  
Each precious tome,

Without a fear my wife shall chide me !

## OUR LADY OF THE MINE.

THE Blue Horizon wuz a mine us fellers all  
thought well uv,  
And there befell the episode I now perpose to  
tell uv ;  
'T wuz in the year uv sixty-nine, — somewhere  
along in summer, —  
There hove in sight one afternoon a new and  
curious comer ; ,  
His name wuz Silas Pettibone, — a artist by per-  
fession, —  
With a kit of tools and a big mustache and a  
pipe in his possession.  
He told us, by our leave, he 'd kind uv like to  
make some sketches  
Uv the snowy peaks, 'nd the foamin' crick, 'nd  
the distant mountain stretches ;  
" You 're welkim, sir," sez we, although this sce-  
nery dodge seemed to us  
A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooper-  
*floo-us.*

All through the summer Pettibone kep' busy at his  
sketchin', —

At daybreak off for Eagle Pass, and home at night-  
fall, fetchin'

That everlastin' book uv his with spider-lines all  
through it;

Three-Fingered Hoover used to say there warn't  
no meanin' to it.

"Gol durn a man," sez he to him, "whose shif'less  
hand is sot at

A-drawin' hills that 's full uv quartz that 's pinin'  
to be got at!"

"Go on," sez Pettibone, "go on, if joshin' grati-  
fies ye;

But one uv these fine times I 'll show ye sumthin'  
will surprise ye!"

The which remark led us to think — although he  
did n't say it —

That Pettibone wuz ownin' us a gredge 'nd meant  
to pay it.

One evenin' as we sat around the Restauraw de  
Casey,

A-singin' songs 'nd tellin' yarns the which wuz  
sumwhat racy,

In come that feller Pettibone, 'nd sez, "With your permission,

I 'd like to put a picture I have made on exhibition."

He sot the picture on the bar 'nd drew aside its curtain,

Sayin', "I reckon you 'll allow as how *that's* art, f'r certain!"

And then we looked, with jaws agape, but nary word wuz spoken,

And f'r a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz unbroken —

Till presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-Fingered Hoover :

"Unless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone's shef doover!"

It wuz a face — a human face — a woman's, fair 'nd tender —

Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan's, and slender ;

The hair wuz kind uv sunny, 'nd the eyes wuz sort uv dreamy,

The mouth wuz half a-smilin', 'nd the cheeks wuz soft 'nd creamy ;

---

It seemed like she wuz lookin' off into the west  
out yonder,  
And seemed like, while she looked, we saw her  
eyes grow softer, fonder,—  
Like, lookin' off into the west, where mountain  
mists wuz fallin',  
She saw the face she longed to see and heerd his  
voice a-callin';  
“Hooray!” we cried,—“a woman in the camp uv  
Blue Horizon!  
Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, 'nd nominate your  
pizen!”

A curious situation, — one deservin' uv your  
pity,—  
No human, livin', female thing this side of Denver  
City!  
But jest a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd  
bitters,—  
Do you wonder that that woman's face consoled  
the lonesome critters?  
And not a one but what it served in some way to  
remind him  
Of a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind  
him;

And some looked back on happier days, and saw  
the old-time faces

And heerd the dear familiar sounds in old familiar  
places,—

A gracious touch of home. "Look here," sez  
Hoover, "ever'body  
Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at onces to name his  
favorite toddy!"

It wuz n't long afore the news had spread the coun-  
try over,

And miners come a-flockin' in like honey-bees to  
clover;

It kind uv did 'em good, they said, to feast their  
hungry eyes on

That picture uv Our Lady in the camp uv Blue  
Horizon.

But one mean cuss from Nigger Crick passed criti-  
cisms on 'er,—

Leastwise we overheerd him call her Pettibone's  
madonner,

The which we did not take to be respectful to a  
lady,

So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd  
dry 'nd shady;

Which same might not have been good law, but it  
wuz the right maneuver  
To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shef  
doover.

Gone is the camp, — yes, years ago the Blue Horizon  
busted,  
And every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd  
dusted,  
While Pettibone perceeded East with wealth in his  
possession,  
And went to Yurrup, as I heerd, to study his per-  
fession ;  
So, like as not, you 'll find him now a-paintin' heads  
'nd faces  
At Venus, Billy Florence, and the like I-talyun  
places.  
But no sech face he 'll paint again as at old Blue  
Horizon,  
For I 'll allow no sweeter face no human soul sot  
eyes on ;  
And when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd the  
Loover,  
I say, " Oh, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef  
doover ! "

## THE WANDERER.

UPON a mountain height, far from the sea,  
I found a shell,  
And to my listening ear the lonely thing  
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,  
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?  
Ah, who can say  
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,  
Or whether there cast when Ocean swept the Land,  
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,  
One song it sang, —  
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,  
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide, —  
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height  
Sings of the sea,  
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,—  
So do I ever, wandering where I may,—  
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.

1883.

## TO A USURPER.

A HA ! a traitor in the camp,  
A rebel strangely bold,—  
A lisping, laughing, toddling scamp,  
Not more than four years old !

To think that I, who 've ruled alone  
So proudly in the past,  
Should be ejected from my throne  
By my own son at last !

He trots his treason to and fro,  
As only babies can,  
And says he 'll be his mamma's beau  
When he 's a "gweat, big man" !

You stingy boy ! you 've always had  
A share in mamma's heart ;  
Would you begrudge your poor old dad  
The tiniest little part ?

That mamma, I regret to see,  
Inclines to take your part,—  
As if a dual monarchy  
Should rule her gentle heart !

But when the years of youth have sped,  
The bearded man, I trow,  
Will quite forget he ever said  
He 'd be his mamma's beau.

Renounce your treason, little son,  
Leave mamma's heart to me ;  
For there will come another one  
To claim your loyalty.

And when that other comes to you,  
God grant her love may shine  
Through all your life, as fair and true  
As mamma's does through mine !

**ULLABY; BY THE SEA.**

**F**AIR is the castle up on the hill —  
Hushaby, sweet my own !  
The night is fair, and the waves are still,  
And the wind is singing to you and to me  
In this lowly home beside the sea —  
Hushaby, sweet my own !

On yonder hill is store of wealth —  
Hushaby, sweet my own !  
And revellers drink to a little one's health ;  
But you and I bide night and day  
For the other love that has sailed away —  
Hushaby, sweet my own !

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep  
Ghostlike, O my own !  
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep ;  
Oh, see them not and make no cry  
Till the angels of death have passed us by —  
Hushaby, sweet my own !

---

Ah, little they reck of you and me—  
    Hushaby, sweet my own !  
In our lonely home beside the sea ;  
They seek the castle up on the hill,  
And there they will do their ghostly will—  
    Hushaby, O my own !

Here by the sea a mother croons  
    “ Hushaby, sweet my own ! ”  
In yonder castle a mother swoons  
While the angels go down to the misty deep,  
Bearing a little one fast asleep—  
    Hushaby, sweet my own !

**SOLDIER, MAIDEN, AND FLOWER.**

“ **S**WEETHEART, take this,” a soldier said,  
    “And bid me brave good-by;  
It may befall we ne’er shall wed,  
    But love can never die.  
Be steadfast in thy troth to me,  
    And then, whate’er my lot,  
‘ My soul to God, my heart to thee,’ —  
    Sweetheart, forget me not ! ”

The maiden took the tiny flower  
    And nursed it with her tears :  
Lo ! he who left her in that hour  
    Came not in after years.  
Unto a hero’s death he rode  
    ’Mid shower of fire and shot ;  
But in the maiden’s heart abode  
    The flower, forget-me-not.

And when *he* came not with the rest  
From out the years of blood,  
Closely unto her widowed breast  
She pressed a faded bud ;  
Oh, there is love and there is pain,  
And there is peace, God wot, —  
And these dear three do live again  
In sweet forget-me-not.

'T is to an unmarked grave to-day  
That I should love to go, —  
Whether he wore the blue or gray,  
What need that we should know.  
“ He loved a woman,” let us say,  
And on that sacred spot,  
To woman's love, that lives for aye,  
We 'll strew forget-me-not.

## HORACE TO MELPOMENE.

L OFTY and enduring is the monument I 've  
reared,—

Come, tempests, with your bitterness assailing;  
And thou, corrosive blasts of time, by all things  
mortal feared,

Thy buffets and thy rage are unavailing!

I shall not altogether die; by far my greater part  
Shall mock man's common fate in realms infernal  
My works shall live as tributes to my genius and  
my art,—

My works shall be my monument eternal!

While this great Roman empire stands and gods  
protect our fanes,

Mankind with grateful hearts shall tell the story,  
How one most lowly born upon the parched Apu-  
lian plains

First raised the native lyric muse to glory.

Assume, revered Melpomene, the proud estate I 've  
won,

And, with thine own dear hand the meed sup-  
plying,

Bind thou about the forehead of thy celebrated son  
The Delphic laurel-wreath of fame undying !

## AILSIE, MY BAIRN.

LIE in my arms, Ailsie, my bairn,—  
Lie in my arms and dinna greit;  
Long time been past syn I kenned you last,  
But my harte been allwais the same, my swete.

Ailsie, I colde not say you ill,  
For out of the mist of your bitter tears,  
And the prayers that rise from your bonnie eyes  
Cometh a promise of oder yeres.

I mind the time when we lost our bairn,—  
Do you ken that time? A wambling tot,  
You wandered away ane simmer day,  
And we hunted and called, and found you not.

I promised God, if He 'd send you back,  
Alwaies to keepe and to love you, childe;  
And I 'm thinking again of that promise when  
I see you creep out of the storm sae wild.

---

You came back then as you come back now,—  
Your kirtle torn and your face all white;  
And you stood outside and knockit and cried,  
Just as you, dearie, did to-night.

Oh, never a word of the cruel wrang,  
That has faded your cheek and dimmed your ee;  
And never a word of the fause, fause lord,—  
Only a smile and a kiss for me.

Lie in my arms, as long, long syne,  
And sleepe on my bosom, deere wounded thing,—  
I 'm nae sae glee as I use to be,  
Or I 'd sing you the songs I use to sing.

But Ile kemb my fingers thro' yr haire,  
And nane shall know, but you and I,  
Of the love and the faith that came to us baith  
When Ailsie, my bairn, came home to die.

## CORNISH LULLABY.

OUT on the mountain over the town,  
All night long, all night long,  
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,  
Bearing their packs and crooning a song ;  
And this is the song the hill-folk croon,  
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon, —  
This is ever their dolorous tune :  
“ Gold, gold ! ever more gold, —  
Bright red gold for dearie ! ”

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves  
All night long, all night long ;  
None but the peering, furtive elves  
See his toil and hear his song ;  
Merrily ever the cavern rings  
As merrily ever his pick he swings,  
And merrily ever this song he sings :  
“ Gold, gold ! ever more gold, —  
Bright red gold for dearie ! ”

---

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed  
All night long, all night long,  
Happy to smooth thy curly head  
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song ;  
'T is not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,  
Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,  
And the burden it beareth is not of gold ;  
But it 's "Love, love ! — nothing but love, —  
Mother's love for dearie ! "

## UHLAND'S "THREE CAVALIERS."

THERE were three cavaliers that went over the  
Rhine,

And gayly they called to the hostess for wine.

"And where is thy daughter? We would she were  
here, —

Go fetch us that maiden to gladden our cheer!"

"I'll fetch thee thy goblets full foaming," she  
said,

"But in yon darkened chamber the maiden lies  
dead."

And lo! as they stood in the doorway, the white  
Of a shroud and a dead shrunken face met their  
sight.

Then the first cavalier breathed a pitiful sigh,  
And the throb of his heart seemed to melt in his  
eye,

---

And he cried, "Hadst thou lived, O my pretty  
white rose,  
I ween I had loved thee and wed thee — who  
knows?"

The next cavalier drew aside a small space,  
And stood to the wall with his hands to his face;  
And this was the heart-cry that came with his  
tears :  
"I loved her, I loved her these many long years!"

But the third cavalier kneeled him down in that  
place,  
And, as it were holy, he kissed that dead face :  
"I loved thee long years, and I love thee to-day,  
And I 'll love thee, dear maiden, forever and aye!"

A CHAUCERIAN PARAPHRASE OF  
HORACE.

**S**YN that you, Chloe, to your moder sticken,  
Maketh all ye yonge bacheloures full sicken ;  
Like as a lyttel deere you ben y-hiding  
Whenas come lovers with theyre pityse chiding ;  
Sothly it ben faire to give up your moder  
For to beare swete company with some oder ;  
Your moder ben well enow so farre shee goeth,  
But that ben not farre enow, God knoweth ;  
Wherefore it ben sayed that foolysh ladyes  
That marrye not shall leade an aype in Hadys ;  
But all that do with gode men wed full quicklylye  
When that they be on dead go to ye seints full  
sickerly.

**NORSE LULLABY.**

THE sky is dark and the hills are white  
As the storm-king speeds from the north  
to-night,  
And this is the song the storm-king sings,  
As over the world his cloak he flings :  
“ Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ; ”  
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings :  
“ Sleep, little one, sleep.”

On yonder mountain-side a vine  
Clings at the foot of a mother pine ;  
The tree bends over the trembling thing,  
And only the vine can hear her sing :  
“ Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ; ”  
What shall you fear when I am here ?  
Sleep, little one, sleep.”

The king may sing in his bitter flight,  
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,  
But the little snowflake at my breast  
Liketh the song *I* sing the best,—  
    Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ;  
Weary thou art, anext my heart  
    Sleep, little one, sleep.

## BÉRANGER'S " MY LAST SONG PERHAPS."

[JANUARY, 1814.]

WHEN, to despoil my native France,  
With flaming torch and cruel sword  
And boisterous drums her foeman comes,  
I curse him and his vandal horde !  
Yet, what avail accrues to her,  
If we assume the garb of woe ?  
Let 's merry be, — in laughter we  
May rescue somewhat from the foe !

Ah, many a brave man trembles now.  
I (coward !) show no sign of fear ;  
When Bacchus sends his blessing, friends,  
I drown my panic in his cheer.  
Come, gather round my humble board,  
And let the sparkling wassail flow, —  
Chuckling to think, the while you drink,  
" This much we rescue from the foe ! "

My creditors beset me so  
And so environed my abode,  
That I agreed, despite my need,  
To settle up the debts I owed ;  
When suddenly there came the news  
Of this invasion, as you know ;  
I 'll pay no score ; pray, lend me more, —  
I — *I* will keep it from the foe !

Now here 's my mistress, — pretty dear ! —  
Feigns terror at this martial noise,  
And yet, methinks, the artful minx  
Would like to meet those soldier boys !  
I tell her that they 're coarse and rude,  
Yet feel she don't believe 'em so, —  
Well, never mind ; so she be kind,  
That much I rescue from the foe !

If, brothers, hope shall have in store  
For us and ours no friendly glance,  
Let 's rather die than raise a cry  
Of welcome to the foes of France !  
But, like the swan that dying sings,  
Let us, O Frenchmen, singing go, —  
Then shall our cheer, when death is near,  
Be so much rescued from the foe !

MR. DANA, OF THE NEW YORK SUN.

THAR showed up out 'n Denver in the spring  
uv '81

A man who 'd worked with Dana on the Noo York  
Sun.

His name wuz Cantell Whoppers, 'nd he wuz a  
sight ter view

Ez he walked inter the orfice 'nd inquired fer work  
to do.

Thar warn't no places vacant then,—fer be it un-  
derstood,

That wuz the time when talent flourished at that  
alititood;

But thar the stranger lingered, tellin' Raymond 'nd  
the rest

Uv what perdigious wonders he could do when at  
his best,

'Til finally he stated (quite by chance) that he hed  
done

A heap uv work with Dana on the Noo York Sun.

Wall, that wuz quite another thing ; we owned that  
ary cuss

Who 'd worked f'r Mr. Dana *must* be good enough  
fer *us* !

And so we tuk the stranger's word 'nd nipped him  
while we could,

For if *we didn't* take him we knew John Arkins  
*would* ;

And Cooper, too, wuz mouzin' round fer enterprise  
'nd brains,

Whenever them commodities blew in across the  
plains.

At any rate we nailed him, which made ol' Cooper  
swear

And Arkins tear out handfuls uv his copious curly  
hair ;

But *we* set back and cackled, 'nd hed a power uv  
fun

With our man who 'd worked with Dana on the Noo  
York Sun.

It made our eyes hang on our cheeks 'nd lower  
jaws ter drop,

Ter hear that feller tellin' how ol' Dana run his  
shop :

It seems that Dana wuz the biggest man you ever  
saw, —

He lived on human bein's, 'nd preferred to eat 'em  
raw!

If he hed democratic drugs ter take, before he took  
em',

As good old allopathic laws prescribe, he allus  
shook 'em.

The man that could set down 'nd write like Dany  
never grew,

And the sum of human knowledge wuz n't half  
what Dana knew;

The consequence appeared to be that nearly every  
one

Concurred with Mr. Dana of the Noo York Sun.

This feller, Cantell Whoppers, never brought an  
item in, —

He spent his time at Perrin's shakin' poker dice f'r  
gin.

Whatever the assignment he wuz allus sure to shirk,  
He wuz very long on likker and all-fired short on  
work !

If any other cuss had played the tricks he dared  
ter play,

The daisies would be bloomin' over his remains  
to-day ;  
But somehow folks respected him and stood him  
to the last,  
Considerin' his superior connections in the past.  
So, when he bilked at poker, not a sucker drew a  
gun  
On the man who 'd worked with Dana on the Noo  
York Sun.

Wall, Dana came ter Denver in the fall uv '83,  
A very different party from the man we thought ter  
see,—  
A nice 'nd clean old gentleman, so dignerfied 'nd  
calm,  
You bet yer life he never did no human bein' harm !  
A certain hearty manner 'nd a fulness uv the vest  
Betokened that his sperrits 'nd his victuals wuz the  
best ;  
His face was so benevolent, his smile so sweet 'nd  
kind,  
That they seemed to be the reflex uv an honest,  
healthy mind ;  
And God had set upon his head a crown uv silver  
hair

In promise uv the golden crown He meaneth him  
to wear.

So, uv us boys that met him out 'n Denver, there  
wuz none

But fell in love with Dana uv the Noo York  
Sun.

But when he came to Denver in that fall uv '83,  
His old friend Cantell Whoppers disappeared  
upon a spree ;

The very thought uv seein' Dana worked upon  
him so

(They had n't been together fer a year or two, you  
know),

That he borrered all the stuff he could and started  
on a bat,

And, strange as it may seem, we did n't see him  
after that.

So, when ol' Dana hove in sight, we could n't un-  
derstand

Why he did n't seem to notice that his crony wa' n't  
on hand ;

No casual allusion, not a question, no, not one,  
For the man who 'd "worked with Dana on the Noo  
Ycrk Sun ! "

We broke it gently to him, but he didn't seem surprised,  
Thar wuz no big burst uv passion as we fellers had surmised.  
He said that Whoppers wuz a man he'd never heerd about,  
But he mought have carried papers on a Jersey City route;  
And then he recollectied hearin' Mr. Laffan say  
That he'd fired a man named Whoppers fur bein'  
drunk one day,  
Which, with more likker *underneath* than money *in* his vest,  
Had started on a freight train fur the great 'nd boundin' West,  
But further information or statistics he had none  
Uv the man who'd "worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun."

We dropped the matter quietly 'nd never made no fuss,—  
When we get played for suckers, why, that's a horse on us!—  
But every now 'nd then we Denver fellers have to laff

To hear some other paper boast uv havin' on its staff

A man who's "worked with Dana," 'nd then we fellers wink

And pull our hats down on our eyes 'nd set around 'nd think.

It seems like Dana could n't be as smart as people say,

If he educates so many folks 'nd lets 'em get away;

And, as for us, in future we'll be very apt to shun

The man who "worked with Dana on the Noo York Sun."

But bless ye, Mr. Dana ! may you live a thousan' years,

To sort o' keep things lively in this vale of human tears ;

An' may I live a thousan', too,— a thousan' less a day,

For I should n't like to be on earth to hear you 'd passed away.

And when it comes your time to go you 'll need no Latin chaff

Nor biographic data put in your epitaph;  
But one straight line of English and of truth will  
    let folks know  
The homage 'nd the gratitude 'nd reverence they  
    owe;  
You 'll need no epitaph but this: "Here sleeps  
    the man who run  
That best 'nd brightest paper, the Noo York  
    Sun."

### SICILIAN LULLABY.

HUSH, little one, and fold your hands ;  
The sun hath set, the moon is high ;  
The sea is singing to the sands,  
And wakeful posies are beguiled  
By many a fairy lullaby :  
Hush, little child, my little child !

Dream, little one, and in your dreams  
Float upward from this lowly place, —  
Float out on mellow, misty streams  
To lands where bideth Mary mild,  
And let her kiss thy little face,  
You little child, my little child !

Sleep, little one, and take thy rest,  
With angels bending over thee, —  
Sleep sweetly on that Father's breast  
Whom our dear Christ hath reconciled ;  
But stay not there, — come back to me,  
O little child, my little child !

## HORACE TO PYRRHA.

WHAT perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah,  
With smiles for diet,  
Clasps you, O fair but faithless Pyrrha,  
On the quiet ?  
For whom do you bind up your tresses,  
As spun-gold yellow,—  
Meshes that go, with your caresses,  
To snare a fellow ?

How will he rail at fate capricious,  
And curse you duly !  
Yet now he deems your wiles delicious,  
*You* perfect, truly !  
Pyrrha, your love 's a treacherous ocean ;  
He 'll soon fall in there !  
Then shall I gloat on his commotion,  
For *I* have been there !

## THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

M<sup>Y</sup> Shepherd is the Lord my God,—  
There is no want I know;  
His flock He leads in verdant meads,  
Where tranquil waters flow.

He doth restore my fainting soul  
With His divine caress,  
And, when I stray, He points the way  
To paths of righteousness.

Yea, though I walk the vale of death,  
What evil shall I fear?  
Thy staff and rod are mine, O God,  
And Thou, my Shepherd, near!

Mine enemies behold the feast  
Which my dear Lord hath spread;  
And, lo! my cup He filleth up,  
With oil anoints my head!

Goodness and mercy shall be mine  
Unto my dying day ;  
Then will I bide at His dear side  
Forever and for aye !

## THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S BRIDE.

THE womenfolk are like to books,—  
Most pleasing to the eye,  
Whereon if anybody looks  
He feels disposed to buy.

I hear that many are for sale,—  
Those that record no dates,  
And such editions as regale  
The view with colored plates.

Of every quality and grade  
And size they may be found,—  
Quite often beautifully made,  
As often poorly bound.

Now, as for me, had I my choice,  
I'd choose no folio tall,  
But some octavo to rejoice  
My sight and heart withal,—

As plump and pudgy as a snipe ;  
Well worth her weight in gold ;  
Of honest, clean, conspicuous type,  
And *just* the size to hold !

With such a volume for my wife,  
How should I keep and con !  
How like a dream should run my life  
Unto its colophon !

Her frontispiece should be more fair  
Than any colored plate ;  
Blooming with health, she would not care  
To extra-illustrate.

And in her pages there should be  
A wealth of prose and verse,  
With now and then a *jeu d'esprit*, —  
But nothing ever worse !

Prose for me when I wished for prose,  
Verse when to verse inclined, —  
Forever bringing sweet repose  
To body, heart, and mind.

---

Oh, I should bind this priceless prize  
In bindings full and fine,  
And keep her where no human eyes  
Should see her charms, but mine !

With such a fair unique as this  
What happiness abounds !  
Who — who could paint my rapturous bliss,  
My joy unknown to Lowndes !

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SING, Christmas bells !  
Say to the earth this is the morn  
Whereon our Saviour-King is born ;  
    Sing to all men,— the bond, the free,  
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
    The little child that sports in glee,  
The aged folk that tottering go,—  
    Proclaim the morn  
    That Christ is born,  
That saveth them and saveth me !

Sing, angel host !  
Sing of the star that God has placed  
Above the manger in the east ;  
    Sing of the glories of the night,  
The virgin's sweet humility,  
    The Babe with kingly robes bedight,—  
Sing to all men where'er they be  
    This Christmas morn ;  
    For Christ is born,  
That saveth them and saveth me !

Sing, sons of earth !  
O ransomed seed of Adam, sing !  
God liveth, and we have a king !  
The curse is gone, the bond are free, —  
By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,  
By all the heavenly signs that be,  
We know that Israel is redeemed ;  
That on this morn  
The Christ is born  
That saveth you and saveth me !

Sing, O my heart !  
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn  
Whereon the blessed Prince is born !  
And as thy songs shall be of love,  
So let my deeds be charity, —  
By the dear Lord that reigns above,  
By Him that died upon the tree,  
By this fair morn  
Whereon is born  
The Christ that saveth all and me !

## JAPANESE LULLABY.

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings, —  
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes ;  
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging —  
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star, —  
Silvery star with a tinkling song ;  
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling —  
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes, —  
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings ;  
All silently creeping, it asks, “ Is he sleeping —  
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings ? ”

Up from the sea there floats the sob  
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,  
As though they were groaning in anguish, and  
moaning —  
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—  
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;  
Am I not singing? — see, I am swinging —  
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

**"GOOD-BY—GOD BLESS YOU!"**

I LIKE the Anglo-Saxon speech  
With its direct revealings ;  
It takes a hold, and seems to reach  
Way down into your feelings ;  
That some folk deem it rude, I know,  
And therefore they abuse it ;  
But I have never found it so, —  
Before all else I choose it.  
I don't object that men should air  
The Gallic they have paid for,  
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere,"  
For that 's what French was made for.  
But when a crony takes your hand  
At parting, to address you,  
He drops all foreign lingo and  
He says, "Good-by — God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase,  
With reverence impassioned, —

---

A thing come down from righteous days,  
Quaintly but nobly fashioned ;  
It well becomes an honest face,  
A voice that 's round and cheerful ;  
It stays the sturdy in his place,  
And soothes the weak and fearful.  
Into the porches of the ears  
It steals with subtle unction,  
And in your heart of hearts appears  
To work its gracious function ;  
And all day long with pleasing song  
It lingers to caress you,—  
I 'm sure no human heart goes wrong  
That 's told "Good-by—God bless you!"

I love the words, — perhaps because,  
When I was leaving Mother,  
Standing at last in solemn pause  
We looked at one another,  
And I — I saw in Mother's eyes  
The love she could not tell me, —  
A love eternal as the skies,  
Whatever fate befell me ;  
She put her arms about my neck  
And soothed the pain of leaving,

And though her heart was like to break,  
She spoke no word of grieving ;  
She let no tear bedim her eye,  
For fear *that* might distress me,  
But, kissing me, she said good-by,  
And asked our God to bless me.

### HORACE TO PHYLLIS.

COME, Phyllis, I 've a cask of wine  
That fairly reeks with precious juices,  
And in your tresses you shall twine  
The loveliest flowers this vale produces.

My cottage wears a gracious smile,—  
The altar, decked in floral glory,  
Yearns for the lamb which bleats the while  
As though it pined for honors gory.

Hither our neighbors nimbly fare,—  
The boys agog, the maidens snickering ;  
And savory smells possess the air  
As skyward kitchen flames are flickering.

You ask what means this grand display,  
This festive throng, and goodly diet ?  
Well, since you 're bound to have your way,  
I don't mind telling, on the quiet.

'Tis April 13, as you know,—  
A day and month devote to Venus,  
Whereon was born, some years ago,  
My very worthy friend Mæcenas.

Nay, pay no heed to Telephus,—  
Your friends agree he does n't love you ;  
The way he flirts convinces us  
He really is not worthy of you !

Aurora's son, unhappy lad !  
You know the fate that overtook him ?  
And Pegasus a rider had —  
I say he *had* before he shook him !

Hæc docet (as you must agree) :  
'T is meet that Phyllis should discover  
A wisdom in preferring me  
And mittening every other lover.

So come, O Phyllis, last and best  
Of loves with which this heart 's been smitten, —  
Come, sing my jealous fears to rest,  
And let your songs be those *I've* written.

## CHRYSTMASSE OF OLDE.

God rest you, Chrysten gentil men,  
Wherever you may be,—  
God rest you all in fielde or hall,  
Or on ye stormy sea ;  
For on this morn oure Chryst is born  
That saveth you and me.

Last night ye shepherds in ye east  
Saw many a wondrous thing ;  
Ye sky last night flamed passing bright  
Whiles that ye stars did sing,  
And angels came to bless ye name  
Of Jesus Chryst, oure Kyng.

God rest you, Chrysten gentil men,  
Faring where'er you may ;  
In noblesse court do thou no sport,  
In tournament no playe,  
In paynim lands hold thou thy hands  
From bloody works this daye.

But thinking on ye gentil Lord  
That died upon ye tree,  
Let troublings cease and deeds of peace  
Abound in Chrystantie ;  
For on this morn ye Chryst is born  
That saveth you and me.

## AT THE DOOR.

I THOUGHT myself indeed secure,  
So fast the door, so firm the lock;  
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure  
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand  
The sweetness of my baby's plea,—  
That timorous, baby knocking and  
“Please let me in,—it's only me.”

I threw aside the unfinished book,  
Regardless of its tempting charms,  
And opening wide the door, I took  
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,  
I, like a truant child, shall wait  
The glories of a life to be,  
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed  
The truant's supplicating cry,  
As at the outer door I plead,  
“ ‘T is I, O Father ! only I ? ”

1886.

## H I - S P Y.

S TRANGE that the city thoroughfare,  
Noisy and bustling all the day,  
Should with the night renounce its care  
And lend itself to children's play !

Oh, girls are girls, and boys are boys,  
And have been so since Abel's birth,  
And shall be so 'til dolls and toys  
Are with the children swept from earth.

The self-same sport that crowns the day  
Of many a Syrian shepherd's son,  
Beguiles the little lads at play  
By night in stately Babylon.

I hear their voices in the street,  
Yet 't is so different now from then !  
Come, brother ! from your winding sheet,  
And let us two be boys again !

## LITTLE CROODLIN DOO.

H O, pretty bee, did you see my croodlin doo ?

Ho, little lamb, is she jinkin' on the lea ?

Ho, bonnie fairy, bring my dearie back to me —  
Got a lump o' sugar an' a posie for you,  
Only bring back my wee, wee croodlin doo !

Why, here you are, my little croodlin doo !

Looked in er cradle, but did n't find you there,

Looked f'r my wee, wee croodlin doo ever'where ;  
Ben kind lonesome all er day withouten you ;  
Where you ben, my little wee, wee croodlin doo ?

Now you go balow, my little croodlin doo ;

Now you go rockaby ever so far, —

Rockaby, rockaby, up to the star  
That's winkin' an' blinkin' an' singin' to you  
As you go balow, my wee, wee croodlin doo !

## THE "HAPPY ISLES" OF HORACE.

O H, come with me to the Happy Isles  
In the golden haze off yonder,  
Where the song of the sun-kissed breeze beguiles,  
And the ocean loves to wander.

Fragrant the vines that mantle those hills,  
Proudly the fig rejoices ;  
Merrily dance the virgin rills,  
Blending their myriad voices.

Our herds shall fear no evil there,  
But peacefully feed and rest them ;  
Neither shall serpent or prowling bear  
Ever come there to molest them.

Neither shall Eurus, wanton bold,  
Nor feverish drouth distress us,  
But he that compasseth heat and cold  
Shall temper them both to bless us.

There no vandal foot has trod,  
And the pirate hosts that wander  
Shall never profane the sacred sod  
Of those beautiful Isles out yonder.

Never a spell shall blight our vines,  
Nor Sirius blaze above us,  
But you and I shall drink our wines  
And sing to the loved that love us.

So come with me where Fortune smiles  
And the gods invite devotion,—  
Oh, come with me to the Happy Isles  
In the haze of that far-off ocean !

## DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—

Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish ? ”  
The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea ;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe ;  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew ;  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,  
But never afeard are we!"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
For the fish in the twinkling foam,  
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folk thought 't was a dream they'd  
dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;

So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
    Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
    As you rock on the misty sea  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

### HUGO'S "FLOWER TO BUTTERFLY."

SWEET, bide with me and let my love  
Be an enduring tether;  
Oh, wanton not from spot to spot,  
But let us dwell together.

You 've come each morn to sip the sweets  
With which you found me dripping,  
Yet never knew it was not dew  
But tears that you were sipping.

You gambol over honey meads  
Where siren bees are humming;  
But mine the fate to watch and wait  
For my beloved's coming.

The sunshine that delights you now  
Shall fade to darkness gloomy;  
You should not fear if, biding here,  
You nestled closer to me.

---

So rest you, love, and be my love,  
That my enraptured blooming  
May fill your sight with tender light,  
Your wings with sweet perfuming.

Or, if you will not bide with me  
Upon this quiet heather,  
Oh, give me wing, thou beauteous thing,  
That we may soar together.

A PROPER TREWE IDYLL OF CAMELOT.

WHENAS ye plisaunt Aperille shoures have  
washed and purged awaye

Ye poysons and ye rheums of earth to make a  
merrie May,

Ye shraddy boscage of ye woods ben full of birds  
that syng

Right merrilie a madrigal unto ye waking spring,  
Ye whiles that when ye face of earth ben washed  
and wiped ycleane

Her peeping posies blink and stare like they had  
ben her een;

Then, wit ye well, ye harte of man ben turned to  
thoughts of love,

And, tho' it ben a lyon erst, it now ben like a  
dove!

And many a goodly damosel in innocence beguiles  
Her owne trewe love with sweet discourse and  
divers plisaunt wiles.

In soche a time ye noblesse liege that ben Kyng  
Arthure hight

Let cry a joust and tournament for evereche errant  
knyght,  
And, lo ! from distant Joyous-garde and eche adja-  
cent spot  
A company of noblesse lords fared unto Camelot,  
Wherein were mighty feastings and passing merrie  
cheere,  
And eke a deale of dismal dole, as you shall quickly  
heare.

It so befell upon a daye when jousts ben had and  
while  
Sir Launcelot did ramp around ye ring in gallaunt  
style,  
There came an horseman shriking sore and rashing  
wildly home, —  
A mediæval horseman with ye usual flecks of  
foame;  
And he did brast into ye ring, wherein his horse did  
drop,  
Upon ye which ye rider did with like abruptness  
stop,  
And with fatigue and fearfulness continued in a  
swound  
Ye space of half an hour or more before a leech  
was founde.

“Now tell me straight,” quod Launcelot, “what  
varlet knyght you be,  
Ere that I chine you with my sworde and cleave  
your harte in three!”

Then rolled that knyght his bloudy een, and an-  
swered with a groane,—

“By worthy God that hath me made and shope ye  
sun and mone,

There fareth hence an evil thing whose like ben  
never seene,

And tho’ he sayeth nony worde, he bodethe ill, I  
ween.

So take your parting, evereche one, and gird you  
for ye fraye,—

By all that’s pure, ye Divell sure doth trend his  
path this way!”

Ye which he quoth and fell again into a deadly  
swound,

And on that spot, perchance (God wot), his bones  
mought yet be founde.

Then evereche knight girt on his sworde and shield  
and hied him straight

To meet ye straunger sarasen hard by ye city  
gate;

Full sorely moaned ye damoseis and tore their beau-  
tyse haire  
For that they feared an hippogriff wolde come to  
eate them there ;  
But as they moaned and swounded there too numer-  
ous to relate,  
Kyng Arthure and Sir Launcelot stode at ye city  
gate,  
And at eche side and round about stode many a  
noblesse knyght  
With helm and speare and sworde and shield and  
mickle valor dight.

Anon there came a straunger, but not a gyaunt grim,  
Nor yet a draggon, — but a person gangling, long,  
and slim ;  
Yclad he was in guise that ill-beseemed those knyghtly  
days,  
And there ben nony etiquette in his uplandish ways ;  
His raiment was of dusty gray, and perched above  
his lugs  
There ben the very latest style of blacke and shiny  
pluggs ;  
His nose ben like a vulture beake, his blie ben swart  
of hue,

And curly ben ye whiskers through ye which ye  
zephyrs blewe ;  
Of all ye een that ben yseene in countries far or nigh,  
None nonywhere colde hold compare unto that  
straunger's eye ;  
It was an eye of soche a kind as never ben on  
sleepe,  
Nor did it gleam with kindly beame, nor did not  
use to weepe ;  
But soche an eye ye widdow hath, — an hongrey eye  
and wan,  
That spyeth for an oder chaunce whereby she may  
catch on ;  
An eye that winketh of itself, and sayeth by that  
winke  
Ye which a maiden sholde not knowe nor never even  
thinke ;  
Which winke ben more exceeding swift nor human  
thought ben thunk,  
And leaveth doubting if so be that winke ben really  
wunke ;  
And soch an eye ye catte-fysshe hath when that he  
ben on dead  
And boyled a goodly time and served with capers  
on his head ;

A rayless eye, a bead-like eye, whose famisht aspect  
shows  
It hungereth for ye verdant banks whereon ye wild  
time grows ;  
An eye that hawketh up and down for evereche kind  
of game,  
And, when he doth espy ye which, he tumbleth to  
ye same.

Now when he kenned Sir Launcelot in armor clad,  
he quod,  
“ Another put-a-nickel-in-and-see-me-work, be  
god ! ”  
But when that he was ware a man ben standing in  
that suit,  
Ye straunger threw up both his hands, and asked  
him not to shoote.

Then spake Kyng Arthure : “ If soe be you mind to  
do no ill,  
Come, enter into Camelot, and eat and drink your  
fill ;  
But say me first what you are hight, and what  
mought be your quest.

Ye straunger quod, "I'm five feet ten, and fare me  
from ye West!"

"Sir Fivefeetten," Kyng Arthure said, "I bid you  
welcome here;

So make you merrie as you list with plisaunt wine  
and cheere;

This very night shall be a feast soche like ben never  
seene,

And you shall be ye honored guest of Arthure and  
his queene.

Now take him, good sir Malignaunce, and entertain  
him well

Until soche time as he becomes our guest, as I you  
tell."

That night Kyng Arthure's table round with mighty  
care ben spread,

Ye oder knyghts sate all about, and Arthure at ye  
heade:

Oh, 'twas a goodly spectacle to ken that noblesse liege  
Dispensing hospitality from his commanding siege!

Ye pheasant and ye meate of boare, ye haunch of  
velvet doe,

Ye canvass hamme he them did serve, and many  
good things moe.

Until at last Kyng Arthure cried : “Let bring my  
wassail cup,  
And let ye sound of joy go round,— I ’m going to  
set ’em up !  
I ’ve pipes of Malmsey, May-wine, sack, metheglon,  
mead, and sherry,  
Canary, Malvoisie, and Port, swete Muscadelle and  
perry ;  
Rochelle, Osey, and Romenay, Tyre, Rhenish, pos-  
set too,  
With kags and pails of foaming ales of brown Octo-  
ber brew.  
To wine and beer and other cheere I pray you now  
despatch ye,  
And for ensample, wit ye well, sweet sirs, I ’m look-  
ing at ye !”

Unto which toast of their liege lord ye oders in ye  
party  
Did lout them low in humble wise and bid ye same  
drink hearty.  
So then ben merrisome discourse and passing  
plaisaunt cheere,  
And Arthure’s tales of hippogriffs ben mervaillous  
to heare;

But stranger far than any tale told of those knyghts  
of old

Ben those facetious narratives ye Western straunger  
told.

He told them of a country many leagues beyond ye  
sea

Where evereche forraine nuisance but ye Chinese  
man ben free,

And whiles he span his monstrous yarns, ye ladies  
of ye court

Did deem ye listening thereunto to be right plais-  
aunt sport;

And whiles they listened, often he did squeeze a  
lily hande,—

Ye which proceeding ne'er before ben done in  
Arthure's lande;

And often wank a sidelong wink with either roving  
eye,

Wherat ye ladies laughen so that they had like to  
die.

But of ye damosels that sat around Kyng Arthure's  
table

He liked not her that sometime ben ron over by ye  
cable,

Ye which full evil hap had harmed and marked her  
person so

That in a passing wittie jest he dubbeth her ye crow.

But all ye oders of ye girls did please him passing  
well

And they did own him for to be a proper seeming  
swell;

And in especial Gurnevere esteemed him wondrous  
faire,

Which had made Arthure and his friend, Sir  
Launcelot, to sware

But that they both ben so far gone with posset,  
wine, and beer,

They colde not see ye carrying-on, nor neither  
colde not heare;

For of eche liquor Arthure quafft, and so did all  
ye rest,

Save only and excepting that smooth straunger  
from the West.

When as these oders drank a toast, he let them  
have their fun

With divers godless mixings, but *he* stock to  
willow run,

Ye which (and all that reade these words sholde  
profit by ye warning)

Doth never make ye head to feel like it ben  
swelled next morning.

Now, wit ye well, it so befell that when the night  
grew dim,

Ye Kyng was carried from ye hall with a howl-  
ing jag on him,

Whiles Launcelot and all ye rest that to his  
highness toadied

Withdrew them from ye banquet hall and sought  
their couches loaded.

Now, lithe and listen, lordings all, whiles I do  
call it shame

That, making cheer with wine and beer, men do  
abuse ye same;

Though eche be well enow alone, ye mixing of  
ye two

Ben soche a piece of foolishness as only ejiotics do.  
Ye wine is plisaunt bibbing whenas ye gentles dine,  
And beer will do if one hath not ye wherewithal  
for wine,

But in ye drinking of ye same ye wise are never  
floored

By taking what ye tipplers call too big a jag on  
board.

Right hejeous is it for to see soche dronkonness  
of wine

Whereby some men are use to make themselves  
to be like swine;

And sorely it repenteth them, for when they wake  
next day

Ye fearful paynes they suffer ben soche as none  
mought say,

And soche ye brenning in ye throat and brasting  
of ye head

And soche ye taste within ye mouth like one  
had been on dead,—

Soche be ye foul condicions that these unhappy  
men

Sware they will never drink no drop of nony  
drinke again.

Yet all so frail and vain a thing and weak  
withal is man

That he goeth on an oder tear whenever that he  
can.

And like ye evil quatern or ye hills that skirt  
ye skies,

Ye jag is reproductive and jags on jags arise.

Whenas Aurora from ye east in dewy splendor  
hied  
King Arthure dreemed he saw a snaix and ben  
on fire inside,  
And waking from this hejeous dreeme he sate  
him up in bed,—  
“What, ho ! an absynthe cocktail, knave ! and  
make it strong !” he said ;  
Then, looking down beside him, lo ! his lady was  
not there —  
He called, he searched, but, Goddis wounds ! he  
found her nonywhere ;  
And whiles he searched, Sir Maligraunce rashed  
in, wood wroth, and cried,  
“Methinketh that ye straunger knyght hath snuck  
away my bride !  
And whiles *he* spake a motley score of other  
knyghts brast in  
And filled ye royall chamber with a mickle fear-  
full din,  
For evereche one had lost his wiffe nor colde  
not spye ye same,  
Nor colde not spye ye straunger knyght, Sir  
Fivefeetten of name.

---

Oh, then and there was grevious lamentacion all  
arounde,  
For nony dame nor damosel in Camelot ben  
found,—  
Gone, like ye forest leaves that speed afore ye  
autumn wind.  
Of all ye ladies of that court not one ben left  
behind  
Save only that same damosel ye straunger called  
ye crow,  
And she allowed with moche regret she ben too  
lame to go;  
And when that she had wept full sore, to Arthure  
she confess'd  
That Guernever had left this word for Arthure  
and ye rest:  
“Tell them,” she quod, “we shall return to them  
whenas we 've made  
This little deal we have with ye Chicago Bourde  
of Trade.”

### BÉRANGER'S "MA VOCATION."

MISERY is my lot,  
Poverty and pain;  
Ill was I begot,  
Ill must I remain;  
Yet the wretched days  
One sweet comfort bring,  
When God whispering says,  
"Sing, O singer, sing!"

Chariots rumble by,  
Splashing me with mud;  
Insolence see I  
Fawn to royal blood;  
Solace have I then  
From each galling sting  
In that voice again,—  
"Sing, O singer, sing!"

Cowardly at heart,  
I am forced to play  
A degraded part  
For its paltry pay ;  
Freedom is a prize  
For no starving thing ;  
Yet that small voice cries,  
"Sing, O singer, sing !"

I *was* young, but now,  
When I 'm old and gray,  
Love — I know not how  
Or why — hath sped away ;  
Still, in winter days  
As in hours of spring,  
*Still* a whisper says,  
"Sing, O singer, sing !"

Ah, too well I know  
Song 's my only friend !  
Patiently I 'll go  
Singing to the end ;  
Comrades, to your wine !  
Let your glasses ring !  
Lo, that voice divine  
Whispers, "Sing, oh, sing !"

## CHILD AND MOTHER.

O MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you 'll give me  
your hand,

And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land, —  
The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder.  
We 'll walk in a sweet posie-garden out there,  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,  
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There 'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you,  
There 'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you ;  
For I 'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream  
And sing you asleep when you 're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I 'll nestle my head  
    In the bosom that 's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing, in my stead,  
    A song which our dreaming shall soften.  
So, Mother-my-Love, let me take your dear hand,  
    And away through the starlight we 'll wander,—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,—  
    The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder.

## THE CONVERSAZZHYONY.

WHAT conversazzhyonies wuz I really did not know,  
For that, you must remember, wuz a powerful spell ago ;  
The camp wuz new 'nd noisy, 'nd only modrit sized,  
So fashionable sossiety wuz hardly crystallized.  
There had n't been no grand events to interest the men,  
But a lynchin', or a inquest, or a jackpot now an' then.  
The wimmin-folks wuz mighty scarce, for wimmin', ez a rool,  
Don't go to Colorado much, excep' for teachin' school,  
An' bein' scarce an' chipper and pretty (like as not),  
The bachelors perpose, 'nd air accepted on the spot.

---

Now Sorry Tom wuz owner uv the Gosh-all-Hemlock mine,  
The wich allowed his better haff to dress all-fired fine ;  
For Sorry Tom wuz mighty proud uv her, an' she uv him,  
Though *she* wuz short an' tacky, an' *he* wuz tall an' slim,  
An' *she* wuz edjicated, an' Sorry Tom wuz *not*,  
Yet, for *her* sake, he'd whack up every cussid cent  
he'd got !

Waal, jest by way uv celebratin' matrimonial joys,  
She thought she'd give a conversazzhyony to the boys, —

A peert an' likely lady, 'nd ez full uv 'cute idees  
'Nd uv etiquettish notions ez a fyste is full uv fleas.

Three-fingered Hoover kind uv kicked, an' said  
they might be durned  
So fur ez any conversazzhyony wuz concerned ;  
*He'd* come to Red Hoss Mountain to tunnel for  
the ore,  
An' *not* to go to parties, — quite another kind uv bore !

But, bein' he wuz candidate for marshal uv the camp,

I rayther had the upper holts in arguin' with the scamp ;

Sez I, "Three-fingered Hoover, can't ye see it is yer game

To go for all the votes ye kin an' collar uy the same?"

The wich perceivin', Hoover sez, "Waal, ef I *must*, I *must* ;

So I'll frequent that conversazzhyony, ef I bust!"

Three-fingered Hoover wuz a trump ! Ez fine a man wuz he

Ez ever caused an inquest or blossomed on a tree ! —

A big, broad man, whose face bespoke a honest heart within, —

With a bunch uv yaller whiskers appertainin' to his chin,

'Nd a fierce mustache turnt up so fur that both his ears wuz hid,

Like the picture that you always see in the "Life uv Cap'n Kidd."

His hair wuz long an' wavy an' fine ez Southdown  
fleece, —

Oh, it shone an' smelt like Eden when he slicked  
it down with grease !

I 'll bet there wuz n't anywhere a man, all round, ez  
fine

Ez wuz Three-fingered Hoover in the spring uv '69 !

The conversazzhyony wuz a notable affair,  
The bong tong deckolett 'nd en regaly bein' there ;  
The ranch where Sorry Tom hung out wuz fitted  
up immense, —

The Denver papers called it a "palashal resi-  
dence."

There wuz mountain pines an' fern an' flowers  
a-hangin' on the walls,

An' cheers an' hoss-hair sofies wuz a-settin' in the  
halls ;

An' there wuz heaps uv pictures uv folks that lived  
down East,

Sech ez poets an' perfessers, an' last, but not the  
least,

Wuz a chromo uv old Fremont, — we liked that  
best, you bet,

For there 's lots uv us old miners that is votin' for  
him yet !

When Sorry Tom received the gang perlite at the door,

He said that keerds would be allowed upon the second floor ;

And then he asked us would we like a drop uv ody vee.

Connivin' at his meanin', we responded promptly,  
"Wee."

A conversazzhyony is a thing where people speak

The langwidge in the which they air partickulerly weak :

"I see," sez Sorry Tom, "you grasp what that 'ere lingo means."

" You bet yer boots," sez Hoover; " I 've lived at Noo Orleens,

An', though I aint no Frenchie, nor kin unto the same,

I kin parly voo, an' git there, too, like Eli, toot lee mame!"

As speakin' French wuz not my forte,— not even oovry poo,—

I stuck to keerds ez played by them ez did not parly voo,

An' bein' how that poker wuz my most perficient game,

I poneyed up for zo blues an' set into the same.  
Three-fingered Hoover stayed behind an' parly-  
vood so well

That all the kramy delly krame allowed he wuz  
*the* belle.

The other candidate for marshal did n't have a  
show;

For, while Three-fingered Hoover parlyed, ez they  
said, tray bow,

Bill Goslin did n't know enough uv French to git  
along,

'Nd I reckon that he had what folks might call a  
movy tong.

From Denver they had freighted up a real pianny-  
fort

Uv the warty-leg and pearl-around-the-keys-an'-  
kivver sort,

An', later in the evenin', Perfesser Vere de Blaw  
Performed on that pianny, with considerble eclaw,  
Sech high-toned opry airs ez one is apt to hear,  
you know,

When he rounds up down to Denver at a Emmy  
Abbitt show;

An' Barber Jim (a talented but ornery galoot)  
Discoursed a obligatter, conny mory, on the float,  
'Til we, ez sot upstairs indulgin' in a quiet game,  
Conveyed to Barber Jim our wish to compromise  
the same.

The maynoo that wuz spread that night wuz mighty  
hard to beat,—

Though somewhat awkward to pernounce, it wuz  
not so to eat :

There wuz puddins, pies, an' sandwidges, an' forty  
kinds uv sass,

An' floatin' Irelands, custards, tarts, an' patty dee  
foy grass ;

An' millions uv cove oysters wuz a-settin' round in  
pans,

'Nd other native fruits an' things that grow out  
West in cans.

But I wuz all kufflummuxed when Hoover said  
he'd choose

"Oon peety morso, see voo play, de la cette Charlotte Rooze ; "

I 'd knowed Three-fingered Hoover for fifteen years  
or more,

'Nd I 'd never heern him speak so light uv wimmin  
folks before !

---

Bill Goslin heern him say it, 'nd uv course *he*  
spread the news  
Uv how Three-fingered Hoover had insulted Char-  
lotte Rooze  
At the conversazzhyony down at Sorry Tom's that  
night,  
An' when they asked me, I allowed that Bill for  
once wuz right;  
Although it broke my heart to see my friend go  
up the fluke,  
We all opined his treatment uv the girl deserved  
rebuke.  
It warnt no use for Sorry Tom to nail it for a  
lie,—  
When it come to sassin' wimmin, there wuz blood  
in every eye;  
The boom for Charlotte Rooze swep' on an' took  
the polls by storm,  
An' so Three-fingered Hoover fell a martyr to  
reform !

Three-fingered Hoover said it wuz a terrible mis-  
take,  
An' when the votes wuz in, he cried ez if his heart  
would break.

We never knew who Charlotte wuz, but Goslin's  
brother Dick  
Allowed she wuz the teacher from the camp on  
Roarin' Crick,  
That had come to pass some foreign tongue with  
them uv our alite  
Ez wuz at the high-toned party down at Sorry  
Tom's that night.  
We let it drop — this matter uv the lady — there  
an' then,  
An' we never heerd, nor wanted to, of Charlotte  
Rooze again,  
An' the Colorado wimmin-folks, ez like ez not,  
don't know  
How we vindicated all their sex a twenty year  
ago.

For in these wondrous twenty years has come a  
mighty change,  
An' most uv them old pioneers have gone acrosst  
the range,  
Way out into the silver land beyond the peaks uv  
snow, —  
The land uv rest an' sunshine, where all good  
miners go.

I reckon that they love to look, from out the silver  
haze,  
Upon that God's own country where they spent  
sech happy days;  
Upon the noble cities that have risen since they  
went;  
Upon the camps an' ranches that are prosperous  
an' content;  
An', best uv all, upon those hills that reach into  
the air,  
Ez if to clasp the loved ones that are waitin' over  
there.

## PROF. VERE DE BLAW.

A CHIEVIN' sech distinction with his moddel  
tabble dote  
Ez to make his Red Hoss Mountain restauraw a  
place uv note,  
Our old friend Casey innovated somewhat round  
the place,  
In hopes he would ameliorate the sufferins uv the  
race;  
'Nd uv the many features Casey managed to im-  
port  
The most important wuz a Steenway gran' pianny-  
fort,  
An' bein' there wuz nobody could play upon the  
same,  
He telegraffed to Denver, 'nd a real perfesser  
came,—

---

The last an' crownin' glory uv the Casey res-  
tauraw

Wuz that tenderfoot musicianer, Perfesser Vere de  
Blaw !

His hair wuz long an' dishybill, an' he had a yaller  
skin,

An' the absence uv a collar made his neck look  
powerful thin :

A sorry man he wuz to see, az mebby you'd sur-  
mise,

But the fire uv inspiration wuz a-blazin' in his  
eyes !

His name wuz Blanc, wich same is Blaw (for that's  
what Casey said,

An' Casey passed the French ez well ez any  
Frenchie bred);

But no one ever reckoned that it really wuz his  
name,

An' no one ever asked him how or why or whence  
he came, —

Your ancient history is a thing the Coloradan  
hates,

An' no one asks another what his name wuz in the  
States !

At evenin', when the work wuz done, an' the miners  
rounded up  
At Casey's, to indulge in keerds or linger with the  
cup,  
Or dally with the tabble dote in all its native  
glory,  
Professer Vere de Blaw discoursed his music reper-  
tory  
Upon the Steenway gran' piannyfort, the wich wuz  
sot  
In the hallway near the kitchen (a warm but quiet  
spot),  
An' when De Blaw's environments induced the  
proper pride,—  
Wich gen'rally wuz whiskey straight, with seltzer  
on the side,—  
He throwed his soulful bein' into opry airs 'nd  
things  
Wich bounded to the ceilin' like he 'd mesmerized  
the strings.

Oh, you that live in cities where the gran' piannies  
grow,  
An' primy donnies round up, it's little that you  
know

Uv the hungerin' an' the yearnin' wich us miners  
an' the rest

Feel for the songs we used to hear before we  
moved out West.

Yes, memory is a pleasant thing, but it weakens  
mighty quick;

It kind uv dries an' withers, like the windin' moun-  
tain crick,

That, beautiful, an' singin' songs, goes dancin' to  
the plains,

So long ez it is fed by snows an' watered by the  
rains;

But, uv that grace uv luvin' rains 'nd mountain  
snows bereft,

Its bleachin' rocks, like dummy ghosts, is all its  
memory left.

The toons wich the perfesser would perform with  
sech eclaw

Would melt the toughest mountain gentleman I  
ever saw,—

Sech touchin' opry music ez the Trovytory  
sort,

The solumn "Mizer Reery," an' the thrillin' "Keely  
Mort;"

Or, sometimes, from "Lee Grond Dooshess" a  
trifle he would play,  
Or morsoze from a opry boof, to drive dull care  
away;  
Or, feelin' kind uv serious, he'd discourse some-  
what in C,—  
The wich he called a opus (whatever that may  
be);  
But the toons that fetched the likker from the  
critics in the crowd  
Wuz *not* the high-toned ones, Perfesser Vere de  
Blaw allowed.

"T wuz "Dearest May," an' "Bonnie Doon," an'  
the ballard uv "Ben Bolt,"  
Ez wuz regarded by all odds ez Vere de Blaw's  
best holt;  
Then there wuz "Darlin' Nellie Gray," an' "Settin'  
on the Stile,"  
An' "Seein' Nellie Home," an' "Nancy Lee," 'nd  
"Annie Lisle,"  
An' "Silver Threads among the Gold," an' "The  
Gal that Winked at Me,"  
An' "Gentle Annie," "Nancy Till," an' "The Cot  
beside the Sea."

Your opry airs is good enough for them ez likes  
to pay

Their money for the truck ez can't be got no other  
way;

But opry to a miner is a thin an' holler thing,—  
The music that he pines for is the songs he used  
to sing.

One evenin' down at Casey's De Blaw wuz at his  
best,

With four-fingers uv old Willer-run concealed be-  
neath his vest;

The boys wuz settin' all around, discussin' folks  
an' things,

'Nd I had drawed the necessary keerds to fill on  
kings;

Three-fingered Hoover kind uv leaned acrosst the  
bar to say

If Casey 'd liquidate right off, *he'd* liquidate next  
day;

A sperrit uv contentment wuz a-broodin' all around  
(Onlike the other sperrits wich in restauraws  
abound),

When, suddenly, we heerd from yonder kitchen-  
entry rise

A toon each ornery galoot appeared to recognize.  
Perfesser Vere de Blaw for once eschewed his  
opry ways,

An' the remnants uv his mind went back to earlier,  
happier days,

An' grappled like an' wrassled with a old familiar  
air

The wich we all uv us had heern, ez you have,  
everywhere !

Stock still we stopped, — some in their talk uv  
politics an' things,

I in my unobtrusive attempt to fill on kings,  
'Nd Hoover leanin' on the bar, an' Casey at the  
till, —

We all stopped short an' held our breaths (ez a  
feller sometimes will),

An' sot there more like bumps on logs than healthy,  
husky men,

Ez the memories uv that old, old toon come sneakin'  
back again.

You've guessed it? No, you have n't; for it wuz n't  
that there song

Uv the home we'd been away from an' had hank-  
ered for so long, —

---

No, sir ; it wuz n't "Home, Sweet Home," though  
it 's always heard around  
Sech neighborhoods in wich the home that *is* "sweet  
home" is found.  
And, ez for me, I seemed to see the past come back  
again,  
And hear the deep-drawed sigh my sister Lucy ut-  
tered when  
Her mother asked her if she'd practised her two  
hours that day,  
Wich, if she had n't, she must go an' do it right  
away !  
The homestead in the States 'nd all its memories  
seemed to come  
A-floatin' round about me with that magic lumty-  
tum.

And then uprose a stranger wich had struck the  
camp that night ;  
His eyes wuz sot an' fireless, 'nd his face wuz spook-  
ish white,  
'Nd he sez : "Oh, how I suffer there is nobody kin  
say,  
Unless, like me, he 's wrenched himself from home  
an' friends away

To seek surcease from sorrer in a fur, seclooded  
spot,

Only to find — alars, too late ! — the wich surcease  
is not !

Only to find that there air things that, somehow,  
seem to live

For nothin' in the world but jest the misery they  
give !

I've travelled eighteen hundred miles, but that toon  
has got here first ;

I'm done, — I'm blowed, — I welcome death, an'  
bid it do its worst ! ”

Then, like a man whose mind wuz sot on yieldin'  
to his fate,

He waltzed up to the counter an' demanded whis-  
key straight,

Wich havin' got outside uv, — both the likker and  
the door, —

We never seen that stranger in the bloom uv health  
no more !

But some months later, what the birds had left uv  
him wuz found

Associated with a tree, some distance from the  
ground ;

And Husky Sam, the coroner, that set upon him,  
said

That two things wuz apparent, namely : first, de-  
ceast wuz dead ;

And, second, previously had got involved beyond  
all hope

In a knotty complication with a yard or two uv  
rope !

## MEDIÆVAL EVENTIDE SONG.

COME hither, lyttel childe, and lie upon my  
breast to-night,  
For yonder fares an angell yclad in raimaunt  
white,  
And yonder sings ye angell as onely angells may,  
And his songe ben of a garden that bloometh  
farre awaye.

To them that have no lyttel childe Godde some-  
times sendeth down  
A lyttel childe that ben a lyttel lambkyn of his owne;  
And if so bee they love that childe, He willeth it  
to staye,  
But elsewise, in His mercie He taketh it awaye.

And sometimes, though they love it, Godde yearn-  
eth for ye childe,  
And sendeth angells singing, whereby it ben be-  
guiled;

They fold their arms about ye lamb that croodleth  
at his play,  
And beare him to ye garden that bloometh farre  
awaye.

I wolde not lose ye lyttel lamb that Godde hath  
lent to me ;  
If I colde sing that angell songe, how joysome I  
sholde bee !  
For, with mine arms about him, and my musick in  
his eare,  
What angell songe of paradize soever sholde I  
feare ?

Soe come, my lyttel childe, and lie upon my breast  
to-night,  
For yonder fares an angell yclad in raimaunt white,  
And yonder sings that angell, as onely angells may,  
And his songe ben of a garden that bloometh farre  
awaye.

## MARTHY'S YOUNKIT.

THE mountain brook sung lonesomelike, and  
loitered on its way  
Ez if it waited for a child to jine it in its play;  
The wild-flowers uv the hillside bent down their  
heads to hear  
The music uv the little feet that had somehow  
grown so dear;  
The magpies, like winged shadders, wuz a-flutterin'  
to an' fro  
Among the rocks an' holler stumps in the ragged  
gulch below;  
The pines an' hemlocks tosst their boughs (like  
they wuz arms) and made  
Soft, solum music on the slope where he had  
often played;  
But for these lonesome, solum voices on the moun-  
tain-side,  
There wuz no sound the summer day that Marthy's  
younkit died.

We called him Marthy's younkit, for Marthy wuz  
the name

Uv her ez wuz his mar, the wife uv Sorry Tom,—  
the same

Ez taught the school-house on the hill, way back  
in '69,

When she marr'd Sorry Tom, wich owned the  
Gosh-all-Hemlock mine !

And Marthy's younkit wuz their first, wich, bein'  
how it meant

The first on Red Hoss Mountain, wuz truly a  
event !

The miners sawed off short on work ez soon ez  
they got word

That Dock Devine allowed to Casey what had  
just occurred ;

We loaded up an' whooped around until we all  
wuz hoarse

Salutin' the arrival, wich weighed ten pounds, uv  
course !

Three years, and sech a pretty child !—his mother's  
counterpart !

Three years, and sech a holt ez he had got on every  
heart ! —

A peert an' likely little tyke with hair ez red ez gold,

A laughin', toddlin' everywhere, — 'nd only three years old !

Up yonder, sometimes, to the store, an' sometimes down the hill

He kited (boys is boys, you know, — you could n't keep him still !)

An' there he 'd play beside the brook where purpl wild-flowers grew,

An' the mountain pines an' hemlocks a kindly shad-der threw,

An' sung soft, solumn toons to him, while in the gulch below

The magpies, like strange sperrits, went flutterin' to an' fro.

Three years, an' then the fever come, — it wuz n't right, you know,

With all us old ones in the camp, for that little child to go ;

It 's right the old should die, but that a harmless little child

Should miss the joy uv life an' love, — that can't be reconciled !

---

That's what we thought that summer day, an' that  
is what we said  
Ez we looked upon the piteous face uv Marthy's  
younkit dead.  
But for his mother's sobbin', the house wuz very  
still,  
An' Sorry Tom wuz lookin', through the winder,  
down the hill,  
To the patch beneath the hemlocks where his dar-  
lin' used to play,  
An' the mountain brook sung lonesomelike an'  
loitered on its way.

A preacher come from Roarin' Crick to comfort  
'em an' pray,  
'Nd all the camp wuz present at the obsequies  
next day;  
A female teacher staged it twenty miles to sing a  
hymn,  
An' we jined her in the chorus,— big, husky men  
an' grim  
Sung "Jesus, Lover uv my Soul," an' then the  
preacher prayed,  
An' preacht a sermon on the death uv that fair  
blossom laid

Among them other flowers he loved, — wich ser-  
mon set sech weight  
On sinners bein' always heeled against the future  
state,  
That, though it had been fashionable to swear a  
perfec' streak,  
There warnt no swearin' in the camp for pretty  
nigh a week !

Last thing uv all, four strappin' men took up the  
little load  
An' bore it tenderly along the windin', rocky  
road,  
To where the coroner had dug a grave beside the  
brook,  
In sight uv Marthy's winder, where the same could  
set an' look  
An' wonder if his cradle in that green patch, long  
an' wide,  
Wuz ez soothin' ez the cradle that wuz empty at  
her side ;  
An' wonder if the mournful songs the pines wuz  
singin' then  
Wuz ez tender ez the lullabies she'd never sing  
again,

'Nd if the bosom uv the earth in wich he lay at  
rest

Wuz half ez lovin' 'nd ez warm ez wuz his mother's  
breast.

The camp is gone; but Red Hoss Mountain rears  
its kindly head,

An' looks down, sort uv tenderly, upon its cher-  
ished dead;

'Nd I reckon that, through all the years, that little  
boy wich died

Sleeps sweetly an' contentedly upon the mountain-  
side;

That the wild-flowers uv the summer-time bend  
down their heads to hear

The footfall uv a little friend they know not slum-  
bers near;

That the magpies on the sollum rocks strange  
flutterin' shadders make,

An' the pines an' hemlocks wonder that the sleeper  
does n't wake;

That the mountain brook sings lonesomelike an'  
loiters on its way

Ez if it waited for a child to jine it in its play.

## IN FLANDERS.

THROUGH sleet and fogs to the saline bogs  
Where the herring fish meanders,  
An army sped, and then, 't is said,  
Swore terribly in Flanders :

“\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ !”  
“\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ !”

A hideous store of oaths they swore,  
Did the army over in Flanders !

At this distant day we 're unable to say  
What so aroused their danders ;  
But it 's doubtless the case, to their lasting disgrace,  
That the army swore in Flanders :

“\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ !”  
“\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ !”

And many more such oaths they swore,  
Did that impious horde in Flanders !

Some folks contend that these oaths without end  
Began among the commanders,  
That, taking this cue, the subordinates, too,  
Swore terribly in Flanders :

"T was "— — — !"  
" — — — — !"

Why, the air was blue with the hullabaloo  
Of those wicked men in Flanders !

But some suppose that the trouble arose  
With a certain Corporal Sanders,  
Who sought to abuse the wooden shoes  
That the natives wore in Flanders.

Saying : "— — — !"  
" — — — — !"

What marvel then, that the other men  
Felt encouraged to swear in Flanders !

At any rate, as I grieve to state,  
Since these soldiers vented their danders  
Conjectures obtain that for language profane  
There is no such place as Flanders.

" — — — — !"  
" — — — — !"

This is the kind of talk you 'll find  
If ever you go to Flanders.

How wretched is he, wherever he be,  
That unto this habit panders !  
And how glad am I that my interests lie  
In Chicago, and not in Flanders !

“— — — — !”

“— — — — !”

Would never go down in this circumspect town  
However it might in Flanders.

**OUR BIGGEST FISH.**

WHEN in the halcyon days of old, I was a  
little tyke,  
I used to fish in pickerel ponds for minnows and  
the like;  
And oh, the bitter sadness with which my soul  
was fraught  
When I rambled home at nightfall with the puny  
string I'd caught!  
And, oh, the indignation and the valor I'd display  
When I claimed that all the biggest fish I'd caught  
had got away!

Sometimes it was the rusty hooks, sometimes the  
fragile lines,  
And many times the treacherous reeds would foil  
my just designs;  
But whether hooks or lines or reeds were actually  
to blame  
I kept right on at losing all the monsters just the  
same —

I never lost a *little* fish — yes, I am free to say  
It always was the *biggest* fish I caught that got  
away.

And so it was, when later on, I felt ambition  
pass

From callow minnow joys to nobler greed for pike  
and bass ;

I found it quite convenient, when the beauties  
would n't bite

And I returned all bootless from the watery chase  
at night,

To feign a cheery aspect and recount in accents  
gay

How the biggest fish that I had caught had some-  
how got away.

And really, fish look bigger than they are before  
they 're caught —

When the pole is bent into a bow and the slender  
line is taut,

When a fellow feels his heart rise up like a dough-  
nut in his throat

And he lunges in a frenzy up and down the leaky  
boat !

Oh, you who've been a-fishing will indorse me  
when I say  
That it always *is* the biggest fish you catch that  
gets away!

'Tis even so in other things — yes, in our greedy  
eyes

The biggest boon is some elusive, never-captured  
prize;

We angle for the honors and the sweets of human  
life —

Like fishermen we brave the seas that roll in end-  
less strife;

And then at last, when all is done and we are spent  
and gray,

We own the biggest fish we've caught are those  
that got away.

I would not have it otherwise; 'tis better there  
should be

Much bigger fish than I have caught a-swimming  
in the sea;

For now some worthier one than I may angle for  
that game —

May by his arts entice, entrap, and comprehend  
the same;  
Which, having done, perchance he 'll bless the man  
who 's proud to say  
That the biggest fish he ever caught were those  
that got away.

## THIRTY-NINE.

O HAPLESS day ! O wretched day !  
I hoped you 'd pass me by —  
Alas, the years have sneaked away  
And all is changed but I !  
Had I the power, I would remand  
You to a gloom condign,  
But here you 've crept upon me and  
I — I am thirty-nine !

Now, were I thirty-five, I could  
Assume a flippant guise ;  
Or, were I forty years, I should  
Undoubtedly look wise ;  
For forty years are said to bring  
Sedateness superfine ;  
But thirty-nine don't mean a thing —  
*A bas* with thirty-nine !

You healthy, hulking girls and boys,—  
What makes you grow so fast?  
Oh, I 'll survive your lusty noise—  
I 'm tough and bound to last!  
No, no — I 'm old and withered too—  
I feel my powers decline,  
(Yet none believes this can be true  
Of one at thirty-nine).

And you, dear girl with velvet eyes,  
I wonder what you mean  
Through all our keen anxieties  
By keeping sweet sixteen.  
With your dear love to warm my heart,  
Wretch were I to repine;  
I was but jesting at the start—  
I 'm glad I 'm thirty-nine !

So, little children, roar and race  
As blithely as you can,  
And, sweetheart, let your tender grace  
Exalt the Day and Man;  
For then these factors (I 'll engage)  
All subtly shall combine  
To make both juvenile and sage  
The one who 's thirty-nine !

---

Yes, after all, I 'm free to say  
I would much rather be  
Standing as I do stand to-day,  
'Twixt devil and deep sea ;  
For though my face be dark with care  
Or with a grimace shine,  
Each haply falls unto my share,  
For I am thirty-nine !

'T is passing meet to make good cheer  
And lord it like a king,  
Since only once we catch the year  
That does n't mean a thing.  
O happy day ! O gracious day !  
I pledge thee in this wine —  
Come, let us journey on our way  
A year, good Thirty-Nine !

Sept. 2, 1889.

## YVYTOT..

*WHERE wail the waters in their flow  
A spectre wanders to and fro,  
And evermore that ghostly shore  
Bemoans the heir of Yvytot.*

*Sometimes, when, like a fleecy pall,  
The mists upon the waters fall,  
Across the main float shadows twain  
That do not heed the spectre's call.*

The king his son of Yvytot  
Stood once and saw the waters go  
Boiling around with hissing sound  
The sullen phantom rocks below.

And suddenly he saw a face  
Lift from that black and seething place—  
Lift up and gaze in mute amaze  
And tenderly a little space,

---

A mighty cry of love made he —  
No answering word to him gave she,  
    But looked, and then sunk back again  
Into the dark and depthless sea.

And ever afterward that face,  
That he beheld such little space,  
    Like wraith would rise within his eyes  
And in his heart find biding place.

So oft from castle hall he crept  
Where mid the rocks grim shadows slept,  
    And where the mist reached down and kissed  
The waters as they wailed and wept.

The king it was of Yvytot  
That vaunted, many years ago,  
    There was no coast his valiant host  
Had not subdued with spear and bow.

For once to him the sea-king cried :  
“ In safety all thy ships shall ride  
    An thou but swear thy princely heir  
Shall take my daughter to his bride.

“And lo, these winds that rove the sea  
Unto our pact shall witness be,  
And of the oath which binds us both  
Shall be the judge ‘twixt me and thee!”

Then swore the king of Yvytot  
Unto the sea-king years ago,  
And with great cheer for many a year  
His ships went harrying to and fro.

Unto this mighty king his throne  
Was born a prince, and one alone—  
Fairer than he in form and blee  
And knightly grace was never known.

But once he saw a maiden face  
Lift from a haunted ocean place—  
Lift up and gaze in mute amaze  
And tenderly a little space.

Wroth was the king of Yvytot,  
For that his son would never go  
Sailing the sea, but liefer be  
Where wailed the waters in their flow,

Where winds in clamorous anger swept,  
Where to and fro grim shadows crept,  
And where the mist reached down and kissed  
The waters as they wailed and wept.

So sped the years, till came a day  
The haughty king was old and gray,  
And in his hold were spoils untold  
That he had wrenched from Norroway.

Then once again the sea-king cried :  
“ Thy ships have harried far and wide ;  
My part is done — now let thy son  
Require my daughter to his bride ! ”

Loud laughed the king of Yvytot,  
And by his soul he bade him no —  
“ I heed no more what oath I swore,  
For I was mad to bargain so ! ”

Then spake the sea-king in his wrath :  
“ Thy ships lie broken in my path !  
Go now and wring thy hands, false king !  
Nor ship nor heir thy kingdom hath !

“ And thou shalt wander evermore  
All up and down this ghostly shore,  
And call in vain upon the twain  
That keep what oath a dastard swore ! ”

The king his son of Yvytot  
Stood even then where to and fro  
The breakers swelled — and there beheld  
A maiden face lift from below.

“ Be thou or truth or dream,” he cried,  
“ Or spirit of the restless tide,  
It booteth not to me, God wot !  
But I would have thee to my bride.”

Then spake the maiden : “ Come with me  
Unto a palace in the sea,  
For there my sire in kingly ire  
Requires thy king his oath of thee ! ”

Gayly he fared him down the sands  
And took the maiden’s outstretched hands ;  
And so went they upon their way  
To do the sea-king his commands.

The winds went riding to and fro  
And scourged the waves that crouched below,  
    And bade them sing to a childless king  
The bridal song of Yvytot.

So fell the curse upon that shore,  
And hopeless wailing evermore  
    Was the righteous dole of the craven soul  
That heeded not what oath he swore.

An hundred ships went down that day  
All off the coast of Norroway,  
    And the ruthless sea made mighty glee  
Over the spoil that drifting lay.

The winds went calling far and wide  
To the dead that tossed in the mocking tide :  
“ Come forth, ye slaves ! from your fleeting graves  
And drink a health to your prince his bride ! ”

*Where wail the waters in their flow  
A spectre wanders to and fro,  
    But nevermore that ghostly shore  
Shall claim the heir of Yvytot.*

*Sometimes, when, like a fleecy pall,  
The mists upon the waters fall,  
Across the main fit shadows twain  
That do not heed the spectre's call.*

**LONG AGO.**

I ONCE knew all the birds that came  
And nested in our orchard trees;  
For every flower I had a name —  
My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees;  
I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe —  
Oh, I was very learned then;  
But that was very long ago!

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where checkerberries could be found,  
I knew the rushes near the mill  
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound !  
I knew the wood, — the very tree  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,  
And all the woods and crows knew me —  
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot  
Only to learn this solemn truth :  
I have forgotten, am forgot.  
Yet here 's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know ;  
To think I once was wise as he —  
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of whatsoe'er the Fates decree ;  
Yet were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish should be :  
I 'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the friends I used to know ;  
For I was, oh ! so happy then —  
But that was very long ago !

## TO A SOUBRETTE.

"T IS years, soubrette, since last we met;  
And yet—ah, yet, how swift and tender  
My thoughts go back in time's dull track  
To you, sweet pink of female gender !  
I shall not say — though others may —  
That time all human joy enhances ;  
But the same old thrill comes to me still  
With memories of your songs and dances.

Soubrettish ways these latter days  
Invite my praise, but never get it ;  
I still am true to yours and you —  
My record's made, I 'll not upset it !  
The pranks they play, the things they say —  
I 'd blush to put the like on paper,  
And I 'll avow they don't know how  
To dance, so awkwardly they caper !

I used to sit down in the pit  
And see you flit like elf or fairy  
Across the stage, and I 'll engage  
No moonbeam sprite were half so airy ;  
Lo, everywhere about me there  
Were rivals reeking with pomatum,  
And if, perchance, they caught your glance  
In song or dance, how did I hate 'em !

At half-past ten came rapture — then  
Of all those men was I most happy,  
For bottled beer and royal cheer  
And tête-à-têtes were on the tapis.  
Do you forget, my fair soubrette,  
Those suppers at the Café Rector,—  
The cosey nook where we partook  
Of sweeter cheer than fabled nectar ?

Oh, happy days, when youth's wild ways  
Knew every phase of harmless folly !  
Oh, blissful nights, whose fierce delights  
Defied gaunt-featured Melancholy !  
Gone are they all beyond recall,  
And I — a shade, a mere reflection —  
Am forced to feed my spirits' greed  
Upon the husks of retrospection !

And lo ! to-night, the phantom light,  
That, as a sprite, flits on the fender,  
Reveals a face whose girlish grace  
Brings back the feeling, warm and tender ;  
And, all the while, the old-time smile  
Plays on my visage, grim and wrinkled,—  
As though, soubrette, your footfalls yet  
Upon my rusty heart-strings tinkled !

## SOME TIME.

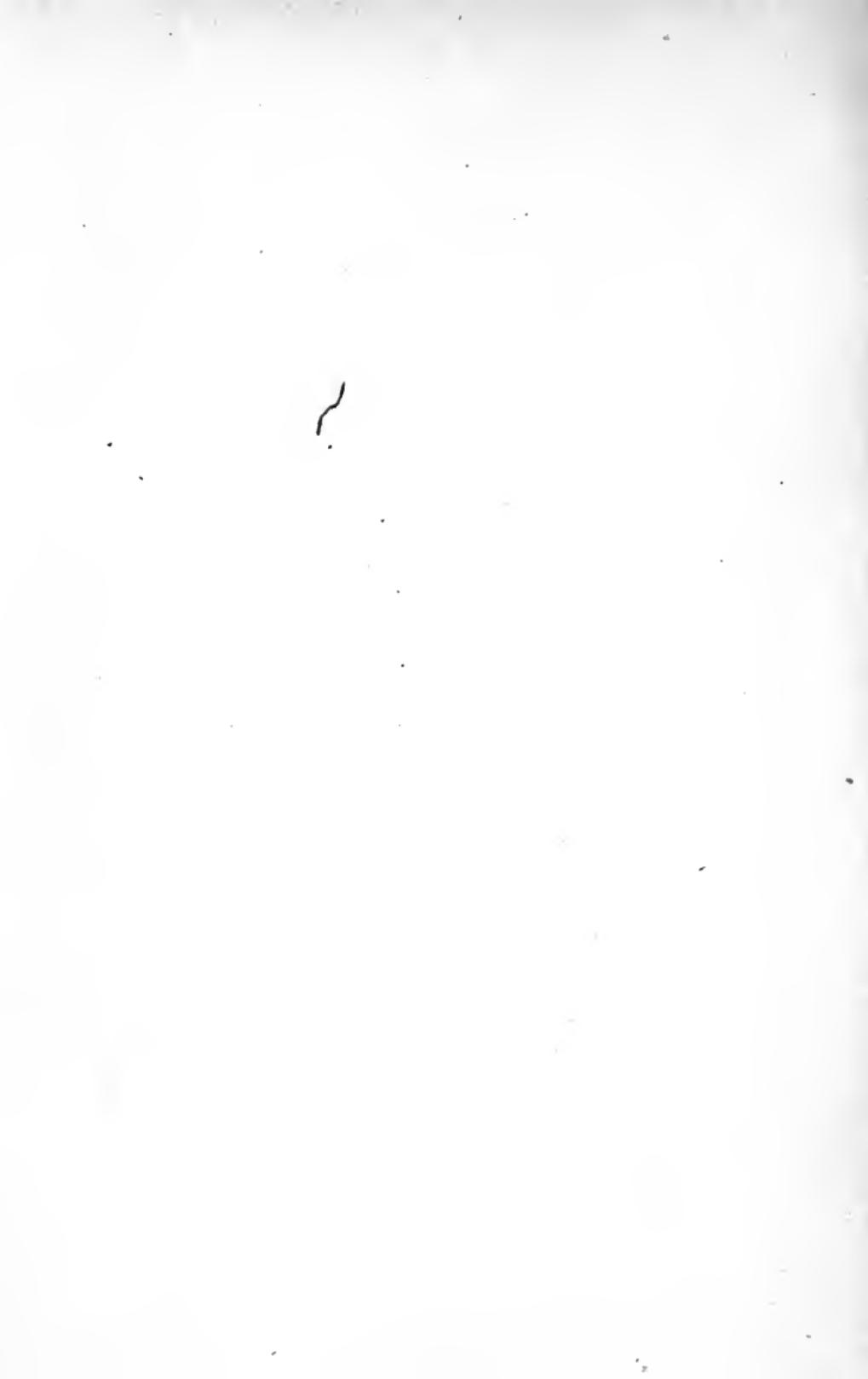
LAST night, my darling, as you slept,  
I thought I heard you sigh,  
And to your little crib I crept,  
And watched a space thereby ;  
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,  
For oh ! I love you so —  
You are too young to know it now,  
But some time you shall know !

Some time when, in a darkened place  
Where others come to weep,  
Your eyes shall look upon a face  
Calm in eternal sleep,  
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,  
The patient smile shall show —  
You are too young to know it now,  
But some time you may know !

Look backward, then, into the years,  
And see me here to-night —  
See, O my darling ! how my tears  
Are falling as I write ;  
And feel once more upon your brow  
The kiss of long ago —  
You are too young to know it now,  
But some time you shall know.

THE END.







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